The Voyage Out.

38 Brunswick Square
March 29th 1912

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Chapter Twenty One.

Halfway up the stairs which led to the upper world, Rachel felt a hand violently grasping her shoulder.

"Miss Vinrace" said Mrs Flushing "We met the other day." Are you going back? Won't you stay a lunch? Sundays such ~~an~~ a dismal day, & they don't even give one beef for luncheon here, which at any rate makes one ~~to~~ to sleep afterwards. I ~~must say~~ That's what I do miss here — ~~the meat~~ Wont tap. Come out with me won't you?, & then we'll lunch together. It would be awfully kind of you to stay."

"I would like to stay" said Rachel. "Except — I be looked from one to another. They were ~~standing~~ now in the hall, & the congregation ~~still~~ stood about, as though the service still had power over them. "Everyone looks so respectable" she ventured. "Aint they awful?" & returned Mrs Flushing, with a vivid flash of malice; "English people abroad ..." "We won't stay here, she continued plucking at Rachel's skirt ~~we'll go~~ Come up to my room. I've some things to show you." She bore Rachel past Hewet & Hirst & the Thornburys & Elliots Hewet ~~put out~~ stepped forward "Luncheon —" he began.

Miss Vinrace lunches with me" said Mrs Flushing, & began to pound energetically up the staircase, as though ~~pursued by~~ the middle classes of England were in pursuit. "What did you think of it?"

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She demanded, puffing slightly. "The sermon, I mean? Did you like it, or did you think it awful rot?"

"Some I thought nonsense, some rather good, said Rachel: on the whole I pitied him, having to make a fool of himself"

Yes - yes" poorman said Mrs Flushing, pausing with her hand on the handle ~~door~~ of her ~~the~~ door, Did you see what Mr Hirst was readin'?

"Greek. ~~poetry~~. I look over his shoulder. I meant to ask him what it was, & now I cant remember. Poetry. I always take the wrong book. Thats what comes of havin' 'em bound alike."

She opened the door, & made Rachel go in first.

She had one of the best bedrooms in the hotel. From the bow window you could ~~see~~ behold both ~~the mountains~~, the town scrambling up to the mountains, the mountains, & on the right hand a considerable space of sea. Rachel went at once to look, ~~with an the~~ for an old view seen from a new point has great interest.

"Thats where we live" she said, pointing to the villa. "Its odd how different things look. I'd no idea we lived ~~we~~ where we do. ~~Now the Wi~~ Do the windows always blaze in the sun like that? Thats my uncles window."

"Which? Show me" said Mrs Flushing. Tell me. What does your uncle do? Greek? Is he a Professor? And your Aunt? Is that ~~he~~ lady your Aunt?"

"~~She~~ He is my uncle" said Rachel. She looked about the room, & observed that a great many ~~water~~ oil ~~sketches~~ were pinned to the walls, or stood upon chairs & chests of drawers.

"O I'd forgotten" Mrs Flushing cried, & quickly turned

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as many as she could with their faces to the wall. You're not to look at them." She commanded, nervously watching to see whether Rachel was looked. "I've something much better worth your lookin' at."

"But I want to see" said Rachel. I know nothing about painting." She took up a large piece of yellow cardboard ~~which was~~ upon which there was a great glow of colour. The sun, it seemed to be, violently attacked by an earth in motion. A gigantic tree was tearing its hands at the firmament. "That's nothin'" said Mrs Flushing, who while making as though to snatch the picture yet seemed to await criticism. ~~an answer.~~ For some reason or other, either because of the ~~bright~~ gaudy colours, or because of the abrupt ~~the~~ shapes, the picture seemed to Rachel oddly like the painter. Unable to give this as a ~~criticism~~ reason for liking it she merely said with a [illegible] of her hand "It moves".

"Now you've said exactly what I wanted you to say!" Exclaimed Mrs Flushing highly pleased. "I'd give both my ears to make things move. I dont mind which way. Its I dont care a fig for shape & likeness & all that; so long as things move. She screwed her eyes up & looked out of the window. "That's how I see every thing". Now you've looked long enough at that. Look here".

So saying, she flung open the ~~drawers~~ wings of her wardrobe. Inside, ~~pressed so close together~~ hung in a row so that they looked like the ~~bodies of gaily coloured animals pressed together, the~~

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the victim's of a game keeper's gun, hung a variety of long & ~~embroidered~~ tasselled shawls coats. Mrs Flushing took three or four & laid them on the bed. "There are what the women wore, hundreds of years ago" she said. But the flowers & trees embroidered upon them were so bright that it was difficult to believe how much they had seen. "My husband rides about all day, & finds 'em. She said. The women don't know what they're worth, & so we get 'em cheap. I call it cheatin', but my husband doesn't. He says they'd cheat us. This is what they do now; they like it much better; so do I." She pulled out a handful of scarves from a drawer, embroidered with realistic butterflies & convolvuli. "More life in 'em? don't you think?" They're done for people in Birmingham. You buy them ~~on~~ in the shops." She unlocked a leather case, & from it took strings of beads, gold brooches, earrings made of grotesque pearls, golden bracelets, ~~tassels~~ ~~w~~ & tassels with knotted with red & green stones, & beautiful tortoiseshell combs. Rachel & Mrs Flushing sat on either side of the bed, & played with them. ~~Jewels~~ now holding some semi-transparent stone to the light, now draping the necklaces round the bed posts. "And you sell there in a shop?" asked Rachel. "You can't think what fools women in London are said Mrs Flushing. "They'll buy anythin' if its ~~something~~ out of the way. Some old dowager, with a neck like

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a pea-hen will deck herself up with this! Wont she look an old guy?" She ~~hel~~ took up a splendid ~~head dress~~, tuft, which was meant to sway upon the brow of some springing young ~~the~~ Spanish woman, with naked feet. "I tell you what I want to do" Mrs. Flushing went on, nervously picking up one jewel after another, "I want to go out there & see things for myself. Its silly, stayin' here with a pack of old maids, just as though one was at the sea side in England. I want to go up the river & see the women in their camps. Its only a matter of ten days under canvas. And no one to bother you with chatter; thats what I detest — chatter, chatter, chatter." She flung the necklaces down, & paced about the room. "One would ~~just~~ lie out under the trees at night, & be towed down the river by day; & if we saw anythin' nice one would ~~tell 'em to stop.~~ just shout out a tell 'em to stop. Dont it sound nice?"

"What d'you think it looks like?" said Rachel. "Are there trees all the way, & there clearing with huts, & painted women sitting making baskets; & men on little horses with long tails?"

Mrs. Flushing cried, "Yes yes! ~~Then~~ You'll come! One must have a party ~~to~~ you see; & a man to make bargains, or one's gets horridly cheated. We'll ~~arrange~~ settle it between us, & then we'll tell my husband. If we tell him now, he'll make difficulties; men always do; Now, will Mr. Hirst & the other gentleman come? will Mrs — the lady you call Helen. Come? What about

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your uncle?"

The party had sprung up with such suddenness, that Rachel scarcely knew how to deal with it. Was it all as fantastic as her description of it, or could it really be that Eight people, all wonderful, new & happy should spend ten days together ~~upon~~ ~~to~~ out upon ~~the~~ a river? ~~in the forest~~?

"You should ask Mr. Pepper" she said, "an old old gentleman, who knows everything. He knows everything, she laughed, but his heart's a piece of old shoe leather."

Mrs. Flushing stopped her pacing & fixed Rachel with her suspicious blue eye.

"Which d'you like best?" she asked. Mr. Hirst or t'other gentleman; ~~whose~~ na (I call 'em both Mr. Hirst, she added, only one of 'em isn't) To tell you a secret, she continued, not waiting for an answer, I'm horribly frightened of both of them, only there's one who's not so frightenin' as the other."

From this description Rachel supplied the names. "Hewet she said is tall, fat, with ruffled hair; & spectacles. Hirst is tall, thin, with a moustache; & very dark, with eye glasses. ~~He is a very remarkable~~ He is the one you find frightening. So do I. ~~But~~ He has a gigantic brain" ~~To illustrate this fact. She waved a~~ "And Mr. Hewet?" asked Mrs. Flushing. Rachel found ~~some~~ it difficult to describing him; she could not talk of him without losing some control over her voice. "He is not so clever, I suppose," she said. He is travelling for his amusement. He is a writer"

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I think he writes novels" she said.

"I know a man who writes novels" said Mrs. Thornbury. "At least, I did; he's dead now, poor man. They have to drink more than's good for them always, & thats why their wives are so unhappy. But painters are the worst. If it aint beatin', its somethin' worse!" & She gave her sinister chuckle. "I go to see Maddock sometimes. He's as polite as he can be to me, but I know there's always some poor wretch of a woman cookin' his dinner downstairs & my! wont she catch it if Maddock dont like it! I've often stayed to dinner, though he didn't want me to just ~~to see~~ for the fun of watchin' him behave to her. But the party," she broke off. "Did you really mean you'd come?" "Of course" said Rachel, standing as well as she could the search light which Mrs. Flushing turned upon her. "Thats right" said Mrs. Flushing, & began to count upon her fingers. "Ten days - lets see - where are we now? Eight people. Two days for ~~prepar~~ gettin' ready. That brings us - where's my diary?" She began to open & shut the drawers of her writing table, & suddenly cried "Yarmouth!" "Yarmouth!" Drat the woman! She's always downstairs. At this point the gong went into its daily frenzy. Mrs. Flushing gave up the search, & rang he bell violently. The door was opened by a handsome maid, whose bearing was almost as ~~fierce~~ upright as her mistresses. "Look here, Yarmouth, said Mrs.

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Flushing, pointing to the bed. Put those things away will you; & put 'em into their right boxes, there's a good girl, or it fusses Mr Flushin'." Now—' she pointed to the door with a superb forefinger, so that Rachel had to lead the way ~~downstairs~~.

"O & Yarmouth" Mrs Flushing called back over her shoulder, just take my diary & find out where ten days from now would bring us to, & ask the hall porter how many men 'd be wanted to row right people up the river for ten days, & put it on a slip a paper & leave it on my dressin' table."

"Yes mum" said Yarmouth.

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As they entered the long dining room, it was quite obvious that the day was still Sunday. The mood was still victorious. Mrs Flushing's table was set in the window, so that without seeming rude she could scrutinise each figure as it entered. "Old Mrs Paley" she whispered, as the wheeled chair slowly made its way through the door; Susan pushing behind. "Thombury's" came next. "That nice woman", she nudged Rachel. "What her name?" to look at Miss Allan. The painted lady, who always came in later, trapping into the room as though she came out upon a stage, might well have quailed before Mrs Flushing's glance; it expressed an unflinching ~~steely~~ hostility. ~~with extraordinary~~ Next them were the two young men whom Mrs Flushing called collectively ~~Hirst~~ "the Hirsts"; then, all alone, with a black book beneath his arm, William Pepper

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"That's my old gentleman," said Rachel. He saw her, considered for a moment, & then approached.

"An ~~surprise~~ unexpected sight" he said. "All well?"

"What is your book, Mr. Pepper?" Rachel asked instead of answering.

"Metaphilostratos Hippopotidorum" Mr. Pepper answered, & made off to his little round table at the end of the room, where the cruet ~~always~~ served for reading desk.

"I tell you, Mrs. Flushing began, that's the most interesting man in the place. ~~I've always~~ wanted to be I'm always trying to hear what he says. What did he say?"

"He always says the same thing" said Rachel, "Metaphilostratos Hippopotidorum; only sometimes he says it the other way round"

~~Mrs. Flushing gave her solitary cry.~~

"I want to know, ~~Mrs.~~ said Mrs. Flushing; she seized the fork & gave the table a smart rap, as though she were an auctioneer.

"Yes?" asked Rachel.

"No; I shant tell you" said Mrs. Flushing.

"Please" said Rachel.

"I want to know, Mrs. Flushing began again. She paused so long that Rachel was afraid she had repented;

"Do you like me?" Mrs. Flushing suddenly brought out, now seizing a knife for support.

"Yes, of course I do" said Rachel; shaken with laughter.

"I sometimes think that I have see you laughing" said

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Mrs Flushing.

"That's because I like you" said Rachel. ~~If~~ I admired you I should be as glum as the grave. I want to know; – she imitated Mrs Flushing's voice, & seized the vase in the middle of the table. "Do you like me?"

"I shall not be able to answer that, said Mrs Flushing grimly until we have spent one night under the same roof."

Hirst & Hewet, whose table was opposite across the gangway, observed the laughter & gestures of the two ladies rather sourly. Ever since they had left the chapel they had been ~~discussing~~ arguing about the sermon & Christianity. Both agreed that the sermon was a repulsive exhibition; but both did not agree upon the merits of the service. Hewet had secretly been annoyed with Hirst for his display of ostentatious paganism; "~~If~~ Even if you want literature merely, he said, the Psalms are every bit as good as Sappho." Hirst hooted, "You cant read Greek; so you dont know."

"All I say, Hewet then remarked, growing surly is that its silly ~~superci~~ ~~to~~ to not to see that there's something in it. ~~You cant dismiss half the human race in this way.~~ You cant dismiss what half the human race feels. ~~in this way.~~ ~~Of course its three parts trash; but~~ Its so easy. If you've merely going to read Sappho, why go to Church at all?"

"If you had been less absorbed in your devotions said Hirst, who having ~~one~~ already earlier in the morning confused all today ~~proved~~ ~~forced~~ Hewets to ~~understand~~ agree ~~that the~~ arguments & proved logically that

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mans emotion for an unknown God is a bad emotion, now felt disposed to tease ~~his~~ him ~~mudole headed friend~~, you'd have seen that I was doing a great many other things besides read Sappho. I attended to every word of the sermon, as I'd prove if you like to introduce me to your friend Mr Bax. Moreover, while you were obviously engrossed in the shapes of the female ~~body~~ form, I wrote on the back of ~~an~~ the envelope of my Aunts last letter, three of the most superb lines in English poetry. They are the beginning of my address to the Creator. I assure you, Mr Bax brought him very vividly before me."

"That's so silly too" said Hewet grumbled.

"Let's hear them" said Hewet, slightly mollified of the prospect of a literary discussion.

"My dear Hewet, do you wish us both to be flung out of the hotel by an enraged mob of Thomburg's & Elliots?" Hirst enquired. "The merest whisper would be sufficient to incriminate me for ever. God he broke out, what's the use of attempting to write when the world is peopled by such damned fools! Seriously, Hewet, I advise you to give up literature. ~~They'll merely force you to tell lies~~." What on Earth, the use of it nowadays? ~~They are your judges~~! There's your audience. Those are the people who ~~'ll~~ you have to consider ~~judge~~ you." He nodded his head at the tables, where the portly business men, lean women & fat women, & broyed young athletes, & surly old tourists, were eating ~~[illegible]~~ their ~~cutlets~~. Stringy foreign fowls.

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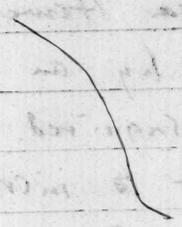

Hewet was not exhilarated by the sight, but remarked, "You can write well without being indecent."

"Names" ~~so~~ demanded Hirst. "Jane Austen's the only great writer who'd be allowed to write now."

That depends" said Hewet. "who you call great."

Whether it was that unlucky sermon, or the fact that a ~~large piece~~ fly ~~drowned itself in Hirst's wine~~, died without any legs in ~~Hirst's~~ the mustard, the literary discussion was ~~not~~ by no means ~~judicial~~. calm.

"If you refuse to call Meredith a great writer" said Hewet you merely prove, what I've always suspected, that you're no taste for literature. Style, I grant you; you know a good style when you see one, because you can measure a sentence by a ~~yard~~ foot rule. But when it comes to the really important qualities, you're all of you simply hide-bound with humbug."

"All of me?" Hirst enquired. In argument with Hewet he always kept his temper, used his brains, & won the day.

"All Cambridge, I mean" said Hewet.

Here they touched upon another old grievance. Hewet's acquaintance with the University had been short; & it was due to this, he maintained, that he preserved any force, any originality, any joy in life — ~~these are the qualities~~ Naturally, it was a proposition that often led to argument.

"You're very silly about Cambridge" Hirst continued calmly, choosing an orange with great perspicacity. "One:

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you're practically never been there: Two: you have to admit that the only people worth knowing are Cambridge men. Bingham; Bennett; Carpenter; with all his faults, you cant beat old Mozley either."

"Bingham I admit" said Hewet. "The others I totally ~~ex~~ refuse to accept. If you consider that they've done nothing but sharpen their noses since they had noses to sharpen, well, its nothing to be surprised at ~~that~~ if they are sharp. They can all write ~~[illegible]~~ prove that might be mistaken for some body else's – I grant you that."

"My dear Hewet, you're a mere child" said Hirst, who indeed ~~fell for~~ Hewet ~~to her~~ ~~on in there mood~~ on these occasions to be treated him as a such truculent little boy,

If you were capable of a calm judgment, which you are not, you would be ~~[illegible]~~ forced to own up. You call yourself a man of the world; & I defy you to produce a single human being, white, black or striped, who's ~~fit to~~ fit to compare for any of the qualities you've named with any of the people I've named. So I give you till I've peeled this orange. Now, ~~think~~ go."

"I'm not going to play abroad games" said Hewet. He grumbled himself into silence; He would not admit that it was not Christianity, or George Meredith, or the University System that lay at the bore of his ill-humour – No; it was an altogether trivial cause – that Rachel Vinrace was sitting at the table opposite, very much enjoying her talk with Wilfrid Flushing, an elderly married man.

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~~Coffee was served in the lounge~~; but even after luncheon, though two hours had passed since the religious service, the effects seemed still to linger.

"Do you know anything about Mr. Barr?" said Mr. Thornbury, drawing a chair near Miss Allan.

"His father was a Professor of Geology" said Miss Allan.

"There was so much that one liked in what he said" said Mr. Thornbury.

"And much that one did not like" said Miss Allan.

"Yes, yes" said Mr. Thornbury, "I'm afraid that applies to the whole service - magnificent as it is."

"One just has to think of something else" said Miss Allan. "Just as I always say Queen instead of King. I take like the Savage bits, taken as poetry."

"But for anyone who does not understand, said Mr. Thornbury, I always fear it may seem strange. I make a point of explaining to ~~the young~~ my girls at home as much as I can explain. I have a little club in our village, and I talk to them on Sundays, and we read history together. Of course they are easier than the boys. The young men are the great problem. How to reconcile modern ideas with the old teaching. And that is what one wishes to do, as Mr. Barr very rightly said this morning. When I think what our faith has meant to us - to William and me, I mean - it seems terrible that young people should grow up without knowing it. It makes a background, doesn't it?"

She looked about the room, as though she meant that

The figures she saw were passing in front of ~~a scene~~ something permanent. Miss Allan said nothing.
"I was glad to see Mr. Hirst & Mr. Hewet there" Mrs. Thornbury continued. "Yes" said Miss Allan dryly.
The silence was felt by them both to be awkward; it was probably the result of some difference in what they believed. & also of the fact that Miss Allan was always made uncomfortable by ~~these~~ attacks upon her reserve.
"I make a point of going to church when I am abroad" she said at lenght, deliberately stirring her coffee, just as I should make a point of going to a sailors funeral.
"Yes?" asked Mrs. Thornbury.
"I cannot explain more than that" said Miss Allan.
As a matter of fact, Miss Allan ~~was~~ had never been baptised, old Dr. Allan having been one of the first agnostics of his time, & the eighth person to be cremated in England.
"I do not think there is any need to explain" said Mrs. Thornbury gently. "What a lovely bird!" A blue ~~it~~ bird, about the shape & size of a magpie, opportunely perched on the gravel outside, & flirting its tail up & down, & glittering as in a metallic way in the bright.
Sun~~light~~shine. "And yet, I believe, if all our sparrows were blue, we should soon get tired of it — what do you think, William?" She touched her husband on the knee; he was engaged, as usual, in raising his eyeglasses, dusting them, & putting them on again — an occupation which seemed to make it unnecessary for him ever to take part in a conversation. "When I can see

to my satisfaction", his argument seemed to be, I will give my opinion; until then, I prefer to be abstain".

"If all our sparrows were blue" he said, & took his glasses off. "They would not live long in Wiltshire." He put them on again.

"Blue sparrows" said Miss Allan, meditatively. "Would one like them or not?" Miss Allan, Mr & Mrs Thornbury now all gazed in silence at the bird, which obligingly stayed in the middle of the view, hopping for a considerable time, & thus made it unnecessary for them to speak.

Hirst had done what Hewet either had not the courage or the temper to do. He had approached the flushing party where they sat in the corner, with a cigarette in his hand.

"What did you think of the sermon?" he demanded, with a little constriction of his lips, to show that he said quoted.

"How you've done it!" cried Mrs Flushing.

"I'd quite forgotten it was Sunday." She hastily ~~extinguished her cigarette by~~ knocked her cigarette into ashes. "It's a little late in the day for that, Alice," said Mr. Flushing, producing his cigarette case.

"They'll be shocked" said Mrs Flushing, glancing surreptitiously round the room; "~~Besides~~, you've While she fingered a fresh cigarette. "Besides it's no use". She met Mrs Thornbury's eye, & instead of taking a cigarette, grasped her pocket handkerchief, & blew her nose, as though to protect her innocence.

"Don't they make you think it depressing?"

Rachel looked at the three elderly people who were looking

inspecting the bird.

"Middle age! how awful!" she speculated.

"Just follow them until you get to their eyes."

"But you are a Christian too" said Hirst, looking from the Thornburys to Rachel. "~~Did you enjoy the sermon?~~ I suppose you enjoyed the service?"

Rachel pondered. The desire to contradict Mr Hirst mingled with fear & his strong ruthless mind; & but, when they talked of honesty did they mean that these God-like young men, that private ideas would be respected?

"There are two things I like about the service" she began; & then knowing that her two might become 5 or one, corrected herself — "the things I like about the service are, that it continues things, & that the preacher generally makes a fool of himself; in fact ~~he~~ they all make fools of ourselves.

"Continues?" said Hirst, as though the first stumbling block must be removed.

"I see what this Vinrace means" said Mr ~~Thornbury~~ Flushing, "I feel it myself.

"Imagine, said Rachel much encouraged, a summer day; the sky is blue without a cloud; mornings, like the top of a hall.

"Yes?" said Hirst.

"A blue dome" said Mr Flushing.

Well, that the service you see; even if one doesn't attend; — I don't, because it's so threadbare old.

"Why should it please you to imagine a blue dome?" said

Hirst.

"What Mrs Kinraa means, I think, said Mr. Flushing, is that she enjoys the sense of community which worship gives."

"Yes; & making a fool of oneself. It's what I felt, she continued, when we ~~Vennings~~ became engaged."

Hirst could imagine the vague, sentimental, half indolent emotions which filled Rachel's mind. He did not approve, but liked her for her confession; & credited her with the power of owning her mistakes, if some one took the trouble to reason with her. As for Mr. Flushing he judged him to be a weak, but very amiable man.

"Churches" said Rachel; "I once spent six weeks near ~~the~~ York Minster. It was the first thing I saw in the morning. But I never understood — the churches."

"I don't think we shall ever understand again" said Mr. Flushing. "It doesn't worry me now, as it used to".

"It worries me when I think of them standing about all over England," said Rachel; "such vast things"

Hirst had just remembered that Mr. Flushing was an authority upon architecture, & was about to ask for information, interested for the subject him, when Mr. Flushing broke in,

"You don't ever make a fool of yourself, Mr. Hirst!"

~~This~~ thus remark recalled him to the fact that he was hated by every body. Accordingly, he pursed his lips, & said "I certainly don't think it a virtue to make a fool of myself." which Rachel took to be a hit at her.

Hewet sitting out in the garden, in a remote part, where a

"There are people who mustn't come" she explained, looking nervously from one to the other.

"O cried Hewet, clasping his ~~fore~~ hands round his forehead,

"Now difficulties begin!

"One person I tell you frankly, I will not have" said Mrs Flushing, burying a pebble firmly — "Mr Elliot"

"I call him a mean kind of man — & then his wife — chatter chatter chatter." She minced her words to imitate the hen-like English of the lady.

"And you?" he asked Rachel, looking down upon her where she lay in the hollow, ~~sin~~ fingering the travellers book.

"Mrs Thornbury would make me very uncomfortable, she said, after consideration, especially at breakfast.

On the other hand, ~~I like Miss Allan~~ —

"Hirst?" he asked.

"O yes, of course" she replied.

"Well, he ~~he~~ said, the boats are limited

O well, said Hewet, the boats are limited.

"But what the use of settling these things" she cried, when we've still got to decide about the voyage?

Hewet sat down, & took out a his engagement book.

Sunday the 23rd of May — he read out — (I wonder what I was doing a year ago today?) Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

"We start on Friday & said Mrs Flushing. Two boats.

There's a company, ~~& [illegible]~~

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he knew that he loved Rachel.

Chapter Twenty One.

~~The Expedition~~

but for that very reason he could not bear the sight of her yet. He left his books on the seat, & went off to walk by himself. As he

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a queer sound, not altogether joyful or painful ~~escaped~~ came from him ~~lips~~. He knew that he loved

But he could not open

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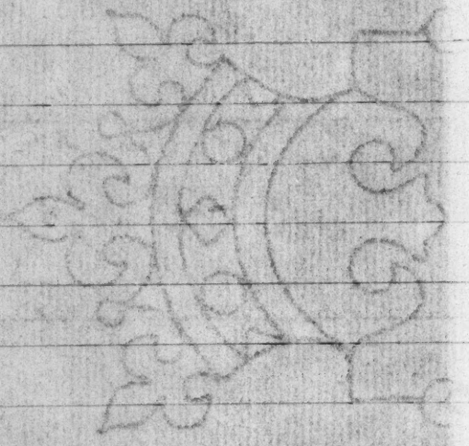

Helen might draw her own conclusions as to why life was hard; as to why, an hour later perhaps, life was ~~the most~~ something so wonderful & vivid that ~~even Rachel's~~ the eyes of Rachel beholding it were positively exhilarating to a spectator. Helen was content to be a spectator. She did not ask questions; ~~she~~ true to her creed she did not attempt to interfere; ~~finding out, as~~ though there were enough of those weak moments of depression to make it perfectly easy for a less scrupulous person to press through & know all. ~~The~~ All these moods ran themselves into one general effect; which Helen ~~as~~ compared to the sliding of a river, quick, quicker, quicker still, as it races to a waterfall. ~~Her~~ instinct was to ~~stop it~~; cry out Stop! but even ~~if there~~ had there been any use in crying out, she would have refrained, ~~letting~~ thinking it best that things should take their way. ~~Rachel in her eyes was a child running with outstretched arms.~~ ; ~~as the~~ the water ~~flowing~~ racing because the earth was shaped ~~in that way~~ to make it race.

Naturally Rachel had no suspicion that she was watched or that there was anything in her ~~conduct~~ manner ~~that~~ likely to draw attention to her. Her mind was very much in the condition of the racing river to which Helen compared it. She wanted to see Terence; she was perpetually wishing to see him when he was not there; it was an agony to miss seeing him; agonies were strewn

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all about her day on account of him, but she never asked
hereby what this force driving through her life ~~amounted to~~ arose from.
She ~~can~~ thought of no result; any more than a tree perpetually
pressed downwards by the wind, considers the result of being
~~thus~~ pressed downwards by the wind.

They met frequently; & even so, she had received three or
four letters from him, in the intervals when they had
chanced not to meet.

She had ~~perhaps~~ three letters from him, which she read as often as
she thought it politic to read them, being anxious that each
time she read. She would read his letters, & spend the
whole morning in a daze of happiness; the sunny
land outside the window being no ~~more~~ less capable of
analysing its own heat & colour than she was of
analysing ~~the state of her mind~~ hers. ~~To read, or to~~ In these
moods she found it impossible to read, or play the piano.
When ~~the~~ it was dark, she was drawn to the window by the
lights of the hotel. A light that went in & out was the
light in Terence's window; there he sat, reading, perhaps, or
writing; she tried to penetrate to his mind. ~~or talking to a person who became at once invested with~~
~~splendour & interest in her eyes~~; the steady lights marked the
rooms where Terence sat with people all round him. Every one
who stayed in the hotel had a peculiar interest. As
unreflecting & pervasive were the moods of depression,
Her mind was as the landscape outside when ~~the clouds~~
dark ~~with~~ beneath clouds, & straitly lashed by rain & hail.
Again she would sit passive in her chair, exposed to pain,

& Helens words were like so many darts, goading her to cry out against the hardness of life. Best of all were the moods when for no reason again, this stress of feeling slackened, & life went on as usual, only with a roundness & colour in its incidents, that was unknown before; & significance like that which she had seen in the form of the tree. ~~so that each was~~ she saw things appeared as they as it she saw them for the first time. had never appeared before.

~~Meanwhile~~ All these moods were directly or indirectly caused by the presence of Terence, or the thought of him; but ~~in spite of this~~ nevertheless she ~~d~~ never ~~drew~~ said to herself that she was in love with him, or considered what was to happen if she continued to feel such things, so that Helen's image, the river & the waterfall had a great likeness to the facts.

She went her way as if this ~~state of life, with~~ stay of theirs in ~~South America~~ the Villa with Mr. Thornby to luncheon, Terence for tea, & Mr. Pepper to spend the evening was to last for ever & ever. In her anomalous condition of analysed sensations, she was incapable of making a plan which should have any effect upon her state of mind. She ~~abandoned~~ left herself entirely to act at to the ~~handling~~ mercy of accidents; missing Terence one day, meeting him the next; receiving his letters always ~~&~~ with ~~caused~~ a start of surprise. Any woman experienced in the progress of courtship could have deduced certain facts from the different events which would ~~have supported her in supposition; & made~~ have given her

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at least a theory to go upon. But no one had ever been in love with Rachel; she had never been in love with any one. Moreover, ~~those~~ none of the books she read, from Wuthering Heights to Man & Superman, & the plays of Ibsen suggested from their ~~p~~ analysis of love ~~for a moment~~ that ~~her case was that of any other~~ that ~~what~~ their heroines felt ~~was~~ what Rachel was feeling now. She was in love just as these different ~~heroines were in love.~~ It never ~~never~~ occurred to her ~~She did not suspect~~ that her state ~~was~~ had a name~~d~~.

She met Terence frequently. When they did not meet, he was apt to send a note with a book, for he had not been able, after all, to ~~resist~~ neglect that ~~method~~ approach ~~of~~ to ~~attack~~ friendship. But sometimes he did not come, & did not write, for several days at a time. Again, when they met it might be happy, or it might be wretched. Over all their partings hung ~~for both of them~~ the sense of interruption, leaving them both unsatisfied, though ignorant that the other shared the feeling. If Rachel was ignorant of her own feelings, she was even more completely ignorant ~~in the dark about Terence~~. He moved as a God; as she came to ~~as to what~~ Terence's ~~felt~~ feelings. ~~The days went on~~ Knew him better he was still divine but combined with this beauty, a wonderful ~~wearing a calm bright surface~~. power of making her daring & ~~at her ease~~ confident. She was conscious of capacities wh. she had never before imagined. Thus the days went on wearing a calm bright surface.

Letters came from England; letters came from Willoughby Mr. Shorubany spoke of Rachel, not Miss Kuvau; Miss Allan conceived a great ~~respect~~ regard for Helen; at least two odes of Pindar were mended to Ridley's satisfaction. ~~The~~ Evelyn M. ~~confided~~ ~~consulted Helen~~ one moonlight night ~~upon her difficulty~~ told Helen the story of her life. St John

When the thought of their relationship she saw rather than reasoned; she saw Terence come across the room & stand by her side. It was a physical sensation, & what it meant she did not know.

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wrote the first two acts of a play. ~~He discovered that he possessed a style, & the discovery was~~ He read them to Rachel who was so genuinely impressed by the number & variety of his words, that he began to wonder whether he was not intended for a writer; & ~~the~~ his friendship with Rachel refounded upon the firm basis of style in English prose, flourished ~~promised~~ ~~an~~ unexpectedly. ~~well~~

A Sunday came, which no one in the villa, with the exception of Rachel & the Spanish maid, proposed to recognise. Rachel still went to church because she had never, according to Helen, taken the trouble to think about it. Since they had celebrated the service at the hotel she went there, expecting to get some pleasure from her passage across the garden, through the hall of the hotel, & although it was very doubtful whether she would see Terence, it so, it would be ~~she was it was~~ only for a second.

As the greater number of the visitors at the hotel were English, there was almost as much difference between Sunday & a ~~week day~~ Wednesday as there is in England; Sunday appearing as the mute black ghost of a busy week day. They could not pale the sunshine, but they could in some almost miraculous way, slow down the hours, dull the incidents, ~~elaborate~~ lengthen the meals, & make even the servants & the page boys wear ~~an~~ a look of boredom & propriety. The best clothes of course, helped the general effect; it seemed that no woman could sit down without bending a clean starched petticoat, & no man could heather

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without a crackle from stiff shirt fronts.

As the hands of the clock neared eleven, various people tended to drain together in the hall, clasping little red leaved books in their hands. The clock marked a few minutes to the hour when a stout black figure passed through the hall with a preoccupied expression, & disappeared down the corridor which led from it.

"Mr. Bax" Mrs. Thornbury whispered.

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The little group of people then began to move off in the same direction as the stout black figure. With one exception they moved slowly & censiously. They were looked at in an odd way Mrs. Flushing was the exception. She ~~strode across the hall, hastily~~ came running downstairs, strode across the hall, joined the procession ~~almost~~ ~~[illegible]~~ much out of breath, demanding of Mrs. Thornbury "Where? where?" "We are all going" said Mrs. Thornbury gently; & soon they were descending the stairs, two by two. Rachel was ~~in~~ near the front; she did not see that Terence & Hirst were at the rear, possessed of no black volume, ~~but~~ but of ~~though~~ ~~Hirst carried a~~ one their book, bound in light blue cloth, which St John carried under his arm.

by people who made no effort to join them.

The chapel was the old ~~refectory~~; chapel of the monastery, ~~The place had heard masses for hundreds of years~~. It was a profound cool place, where they had said mass for hundreds of years, & done penance in the cold moonlight, & worshipped old brown pictures, & painted ~~carved~~ statues saints ~~painted blue & gold~~. set in a hollow in the wall. The transition from Catholic to protestant worship had been ~~stay~~ bridged by a time of disuse, when there were no services, & the place was used for storing oil, liqueur, & deck chairs. The hotel flourishing, some religious body had ~~presented a~~ taken the place in hand, & it was now fitted out with a number of glazed yellow seats; it had a pulpit, & an eagle bearing the bible on its back; & the piety of women had supplied mats, & long strips of embroidery.

As the congregation entered, they were met by vague sweet chords, struck upon a harmonium by Miss Willett, who was concealed from view. The sound spread through the ~~chappel~~ chapel as the rings of water spread from a stone. The twenty or twenty five people who composed the congregation, first bowed their heads, then sat up & looked about them. It was very quiet. [Although ~~they had~~ many of them had only met upon the staircase hitherto they felt very well disposed towards each other.] The usual bows & smiles were dispensed with, but they recognised each other. The Lords Prayer was read over them.

As the childlike babble of voices rose, the twenty or twenty five people who composed the congregation, many of whom had only met upon the staircase, felt themselves pathetically united & well disposed towards each other. The place was flooded with the memories of innumerable services in England. Susan Warrington in particular was conscious of the sweetest sense of sisterhood as she covered her ~~eyes~~ face with her hands, & saw slips of pink backs in the chinks between her fingers. ~~Her own~~ She rejoiced in her own virtue. Her emotion's rose as calmly & easily as smoke from a fire. Having created this calm atmosphere, Mr Bax suddenly turned the page, & read a Psalm. He read it with no change of voice, but the mood was broken.

"Be merciful unto me O God, for man goeth about to devour me; he is daily fighting & troubling me"... They daily mistake my words; all that they imagine is to do me evil. They hold all

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all together, & keep themselves close".

They daily mistake my words; all that they imagine is to do me evil. They hold all together & cry

"Break their teeth, O God, in their mouths; smite the jaw bones of the lions, O Lord; let them fall away like water that runneth apace; & when they shoot their arrows let them be rooted out."

Although nothing in Susan's experience at all corresponded with this, so that she had long ceased to attend to such remarks, although she followed them mechanically & with respect, much as she followed the distraught exclamations of violent characters in Shakespeare, her mind was usually occupied with praise of her own life & character, & praise of God, that is of the whole serene & solemn aspect of the world.

But it could be seen from a glance at their faces, that more often, the men in particular, felt the inconvenience of the sudden intrusion of this old savage. They looked more secular & critical as they listened to the ravings of the old black man with a cloth round his loins tearing with vehement gestures by a camp fire in the desert.

Like that they all found their places, like boys at school, & read a little but of the old Testament what making a world, very much as schoolboys translate an easy passage from the Anabasis, when they have shut up their French grammar. Then they returned to the new Testament, & the sad & beautiful figure of Christ.

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While Christ spoke they tried to fit his interpretation of life upon the lives they lived; but as they were all very different, some practical, some ambitious, some stupid, some wild & experimental, others cautious & considerate, as they had all lived differently & thought differently, they did very different things with the words of Christ. But for the most part they made no effort at all, & recumbent as it were, accepted this as virtue, as they accepted something else as beauty.

For the first time in her life Rachel considered what she was saying. By the time they had swung in this irregular way from prayer to psalm, from psalm to history, from history to poetry, & Mr. Box was giving out his text, she was in a state of acute discomfort. Such was the discomfort she felt when forced to sit through an unsatisfactory piece of music, badly played. Just as, under those conditions, she was tantalised by the effort & the writer to give an impression which he could not give, & enraged by the clumsy insensitiveness of the conductor, who put the stress on the wrong places & annoyed by the [illegible] so she was now tantalised & enraged. There was an idea wh. they were all trying to realise ~~She wanted to feel what she could not feel.~~ All round her were people pretending to feel what they could not feel. And there were churches all over the world where this blundering effort was always going on. Vast stone buildings, & innumerable men & women not seeing clearly. The thought was physical & unpleasant, as if a cloud kept crossing her eyes when she tried to read. She tried

[illegible] the audience timidly praising & acquiescing neither knowing or caring.

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She tried to get a clear idea of God or Heaven & failed utterly. Glancing at the face of a hospital nurse next her, she saw what that rosy, stupid, bigoted, cheerful little woman was feeling — how shallow & ~~weak~~ dumb her conception was, & ~~how~~ with what limpet like assiduity she clung to it; ~~although of was a~~ & how nothing would tear her from her demure belief in her ~~own~~ virtue, & her religious virtue. She suddenly understood what Heles meant & St John meant when they proclaimed their hatred of Christianity. Meanwhile, Mr. Bax was some minutes deep in the flow of his discourse. She looked at him. He was a fat man of the world of agreeable behaviour;

As a limpet sticks with all its sensitive surface to a rock. So the all the best part of life would never reach a woman whose mind ahered to her belief.

But when she looked at her carefully, she had to ~~give up her~~ come to the conclusion that the ~~one~~ hospital nurse was only slavishly acquiescent, & had ~~no~~ was satisfied by no ~~power~~ splendid conception within her. How could she ~~be~~ ~~the~~ conceive anything so far outside her own experience — a woman with a rosy commonplace little face, upon which trivial duties & trivial spites & quarrels had drawn lines whose blue eyes saw without intensity or individuality or can ever? of any kind? ~~who was now occupied not in any worship of something outside her, but in complacent repose upon~~ a Rachel read much complacency into her expression; ~~she was no doubt approving of her own & a dree terrible dulness of~~ which, combined with that smoothness & insipidity, made ~~a~~ this ~~hospital nurse~~ worshipper positively unpleasant to look upon.

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It was easy to see how shallow & smug her conceptions was, & with what limpet like assiduity she clung to it, - how nothing would tear her from her demure belief in her own virtue, & the virtue of her religion - As a limpet sticks with all its sensitive ~~and~~ surface to a rock, so all the freshness & splendour of life would never reach a woman whose mind ahered thus tenaciously to ~~be~~ what she ~~could~~ set up as a belief. Indeed the face of this worshipper gave Rachel a keen impulse of horror; & she suddenly understood what Helen meant & St John meant when they proclaimed their hatred of Christianity.

Meanwhile Mr. Bax was some minutes deep in the flow of his discourse. She looked at him. He was a fat man of the world, with supple lips & agreeable manner. He was indeed a man of much kindliness, & simplicity, though by no means clever; but she was not in the mood to give credit for such qualities.

The argument ~~subject~~ ~~the~~ sermon was that visitors to this beautiful land, although they were on a holiday, owed a duty to the natives. ~~It~~ It deduction ~~was~~ in truth differ very much from a leading article of general interest in the Times. It rambled with a kind of amiable verbosity from one heading to another, suggesting that ~~we~~ all human beings were very much alike under their skins, that little

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XVII 279-80

Hewet was staring at the roof. Going to church was to ~~him~~ He had never tried to ~~fit~~ make the service fit any feeling or idea of his, so that he was able to enjoy the beauty of the language without hindrance. His mind was occupied now in wondering what made these words so beautiful, now in speculating as to the ~~feel~~ characters of the other worshippers; but, when he suddenly saw Rachel, he thought only of her. Mr Bax, the Psalms, the prayers, the Litany & the sermon were all reduced to one long chanting sound, which with paused, & then renewals, itself. Early in the service Mrs Flushing had discovered that she had brought a bible instead of a prayer book. She stole a glance over Hirsts shoulder; she was setting next him. He was reading steadily in the thin pale blue volume. Mrs ~~Flushing~~ unable to understand she peered closer. Hirst politely laid the book before her. He pointed to a short Greek poem.

What that? she engaged.

"Sapphic" he ~~whispered~~ replied, & then showed her the translation on the opposite page. ~~With her~~ "The one Swinburne did — he ~~most~~ best thing ever written" Hirst continued. Mrs Flushing could not resist such an opportunity. She pulped down the read greedily; & checking nervously in the middle of asking when Sapphic lived, & what else she wrote that one ought to read.

Ode to Aphrodite during the Litany, coming on at the end with

When Mr Baxes' voice became threatening she hastily repeated 'the forgiveness of sins, the Resurrection of the body, & the life everlastin'. Amen" All through the service she was glancing furtively at the Greek; ~~& then~~ ~~at Her~~ ~~Her~~ Hirsts hand which ~~while the sermon~~ was now writing ~~what~~ something on the back of an end

Meanwhile Hirst took out an envelope & began scribbling on the back. When Mr Bax mounted the pulpit,

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the New Testament, which though it had the same disadvantage of being as it were an exercise, moved them back to England, and the mood with which they started. The character of Christ was very familiar to them. The sad, mystical words might have been spoken by an Englishman whom Susan had seen. He did absolutely sympathise with her life, and give her sufficient directions and reasons, so that she floated over the next passages though ~~dicted~~ dictated by the fear of a night attack upon her camp, serenely, and spoke with conviction when it came to saying what she believed. Custom had smoothed these passages to such an extent that she settled herself to listen to the sermon without feeling jolted or breathless. Her vision of Christ, a sad beautiful man, and her conception of th world and life and right and wrong and her duty, whichall depdnded upon her version of this mans teaching, were too long established to suffer from the sudden a-pparition of an old a savage. But there were others who did not share Susans mood. Mrs Flushing having been late for church, had taken up a Bible instead of a prayer book, and finding herself next Hirst, began to read over his shoulder. He politely laid the book before her. As Mr Bax intoned "I believe in God the Father Almighty" Hirst pointed to

Mrs Flushing rapidly read the verse, then enquired, "Whats this" "The works of Sappho" whispered Hirst. "Sappho?" Thats Greek aint it?" said Mrs Flushing, and studied the tiele page. She glanced through the Ode to Aphrodite and was just about to make some brisk enquiry, when Mr Baxes vouve became threatening, and she hastil repeated, "The forgiveness of sins, the Resurrection of the body, and the life everlastin'.

* Their faces which were oddly alike in colour & expression all wore much the same look of subdued concentration, until suddenly, wedged between a minute old Scotchwoman & a portugese jew his eye fell upon Rachels face. She was different from the others because she was clearly not attending. Her eye went from arch to arch & head to head as though the things she saw were all steps in an argument that she was carrying on in her own mind. At length resting her gaze upon Mr. Bax her lips trembled, & thinking herself unobserved, she smiled broadly. "Now, she wasn't thinking of spirits or images or the sea that time" Hewet pondered. "But here Mr. Bax cleared his throat, twitched his robe, & began to preach.

XVII 280-81

he shut up Sappho with his envelopes between the pages, settled his spectacles, & fixed his eyes upon the clergyman.
Standing in the pulpit, he looked very large & fat; light coming through the greenish unstained window glass made his face appear smooth & white as a very large egg. He gave out his text & began.

X

He gave his blessing; & then, while the solemn chords again issued from the harmonium behind the curtain, the different people began scraping & fumbling, & moving very awkwardly & consciously again towards the door.
Half way upstairs, at a point ~~between~~ where the light & noise of the upper world conflicted with the gloom & deprivation of the under, with Rachel felt a hand drop upon her shoulder.
"Their terrace!" said Mrs Flushing, ~~who~~ half whispering, "Stay to luncheon. Its such a dismal day, & they dont even give me beef for luncheon ~~here~~ — But please do stay." Here they came out into the hall, where once more the little band was greeted in a respectful but curious way by the people who had as one to Church. They looked, however, as if they all approved of Sunday to the limit of going to Church. Rachel felt she could stand no more of this. She was about to refuse, when Terence passed them, no talking with Mrs Thornbury to Hirst. She ~~merely~~ ~~fe~~ ~~replied~~ In reply to Mrs Flushing she said that people looked

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boys in the town played much the same games as little boys in the London streets, that very small things did influence people, particularly natives – in fact a great friend of Mr. Baxter had told him that the success of our rule in India largely depended upon a strict code of impartial politeness to natives; which led to the remark that small things weren't necessarily small, & that, somehow, to the virtues of sympathy, which was a virtue never more needed than to-day when we are lived in a time ~~confronted with~~ of experiments ~~of all~~ upheaval, ~~kinds~~ & ~~manifestations of some bad & some good, & some~~ ~~we~~ – of which the aeroplane & the wireless telegraph were examples in the scientific world, & ~~which~~ we had to consider problems which had ly presented themselves to our fathers. Here Mr. Bax became more definitely clerical – & pointed out how all this ~~good Christians were~~ laid a special ~~command~~ duty upon ~~the~~ earnest Christians. They must keep in touch with ~~all~~ men of the modern world; so they must make them understand that whatever discoveries are made, Christianity remains the one thing which cannot be replaced. In fact it is more needed to-day than ever.

The humblest ~~you~~ could can do something; intently by sympathy, & so on & so on; ~~until he~~ in fact every little counts"

(Something in his manner wh. became very much priester & authoritative that of the 'organizing priest showed that these remarks were directed to women, of whom indeed Mr. Baxter's congregations were mainly composed)

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very respectable, which Mrs. Flushing understood to mean that she would stay.

"Aint they awful!" she returned with a vivid flash of malice. English people abroad... But we won't stay here" she continued, plucking at Rachel's arm. "Come up to my room". She bore her past Hewet & Hirst & the Thornburys & the Elliots. Hewet stepped forward.

"Luncheon —" he began —

"Miss Vinrace has promised to lunch with me" said Mrs. Flushing - & began to pound energetically up the staircase, as though the middle classes of England were in pursuit. She did not stop until she had slammed her bedroom door behind them.

"Well, what did you think of it?" she demanded panting slightly.

All the disgust & horror which Rachel had been controlling burnt forth unconstrainedly.

"I thought it the most loathsome thing I've ever seen!" she burnt out. "How can they, how dare they, what ~~on earth~~ do they mean — Mr. Bax ought to be selling soap in a grocer shop, & as for the ~~rest of them~~ — those smug hospital nurses, & bald city clerks, & prostitutes, & disgusting, disgusting." She hit off what she could remember; ~~that~~ for she could not explain ~~the~~ her real feelings: they were complex, & she was excited. Mrs. Flushing watched her, as with delight as she stood ejaculating with emphatic ~~gest~~ movements of her head & hands.

"Go on - go on - do go on" she laughed: "It does me good to

he ar you " ~~she~~ said.

"Why do you go?." Rachel demanded.

"I've gone ever since I can remember" Mrs. Flushing chuckled as if that were a reason in itself.

Rachel turned abruptly to the window. She did not know why she was in such a passion; the sight of Terence had confused her. ~~She stood~~ She looked straight at their own villa, half way up the side of the mountain. Any the most familiar view seen through glass has a certain unfamiliar distinction, & she grew calm as she gazed. Then she remembered that she was in the bedroom of some one she did not know very well. & she turned & looked at Mrs. Flushing. Mrs. Flushing was still sitting on the edge of the bed, with her looking upwards, lips parted so that her strong white teeth showed in two rows.

"Tell me, she said, which d'you like best, Mrs. Hewet or Mrs. Hunt?" &

"Mrs. Hewet" said Rachel.

"Which is the one who reads Greek in Church?" Mrs. Flushing continued.

It might have been either of them, & while Mrs. Flushing proceeded to describe them both, & to say that both frightened her, but one frightened her more than the other, Rachel looked about the room. It was one of the largest & most luxurious bedrooms in the hotel. There were a great number ~~of a great~~ ~~chairs~~ of armchairs & settees covered in white, & but each one of these was occupied by a large square of yellow cardboard. The pieces of cardboard were dotted & lined with spots & bars of bright oil paint.

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But you're not to look at those" said Mrs. Flushing.

Seeing Rachel's eye wander, the sprang up, turned as many as she could with ~~the~~ back to front. But she had the vanity of an artist, & while Rachel possessed herself of one, demanded anxiously "Well, well?"

"It is a hill" Rachel replied. There could be no doubt that Mrs. Flushing had here represented a rigorous & abrupt fling of the Earth up into the air. Rachel went from one to another. They were all marked by something of the jerk & decision of their maker. They were all perfectly unfamiliar onslaughts with a brush, upon some half realised idea ~~in her head~~ suffered by land & sea.

"I see things moving" Mrs. Flushing explained. "So" she swept her hand through a ~~fast~~ fast of air. She took up a stump of charcoal & began to make flourishes on the cardboard, which seemed to serve her as speech serves others. While she occupied herself in this way, Rachel who was oddly restless, ~~turned to the dressing table upon which lay a whole numbers of~~ looked about her.

"Open the wardrobe, said Mrs. Flushing, speaking indistinctly owing to a pencil in her mouth, & look at ~~our~~ the things."

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~~with a st~~

circular iridescent patch slowly floating past with a straw in the middle of it. The straw & the patch swam again & again in the tremulous medium of a great welling tear. The tear rose & fell, & dropped into the river. Then there struck upon her ears ~~two lines~~.

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the nine gods he swore –

In a fainter tone, which shewed that the speaker had passed her, she heard

That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more."

Yes, she would go back to all that, but at present she must weep. Screening her face she sobbed more steadily than she had yet done, her shoulders rising & falling quite evenly. It was this figure that her husband saw when, having reached the polished Sphinx, having entangled himself with a man selling picture postcards ~~photographs~~, he turned: the stage stopped. He came up to her, laid his hand on her shoulder & said "Dearest". His meaning was "~~We must live~~"

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"Fragments of very early version"

iridescent patch slowly floating past, with a strw in it;; sometimes swam being a great tremulous tear. These tears dropped when the consciousness came over her, like a hgust of pain, that her arms no longer closed upon the bodies of two small children. Then the physiacl desire would be replaced by the memory of words. "We saw a dog with a bandage on its leg , mummy." Those were the words which her son had suddenly spoken after good bye had been said, as she left the room. She being gone, the nurse would answ him. He expected her to come back. He might feel lonely. To leave them for six months was intolerable pain. The wild animal in her determined to go back. Nevertheless though feeling a rush all through her, she stood still weighted down as if her feet were cast in lead, by the knowledge that to go back was impossible. She did not remember why; but she knew that it was. There was no reason, life being a compromise, she supposed; & to go back. simply still.

" Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
" That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more."

The first two lines sounded loud in her ear, the last two were fainter, and showed that her husband had passed her in his walk. Yes, she would go back to all that; but at present she must weep. Screening her face she sobbed more steadily than she had yet done; her shoulders rose and fell quite evenly. It was this figure that her husband saw, when having reacyed the polished Sphinx he turned; the stanza stopped. He came up to her, laid his hand o her shoulder , and said, "Dearest!!!!!" His meanin

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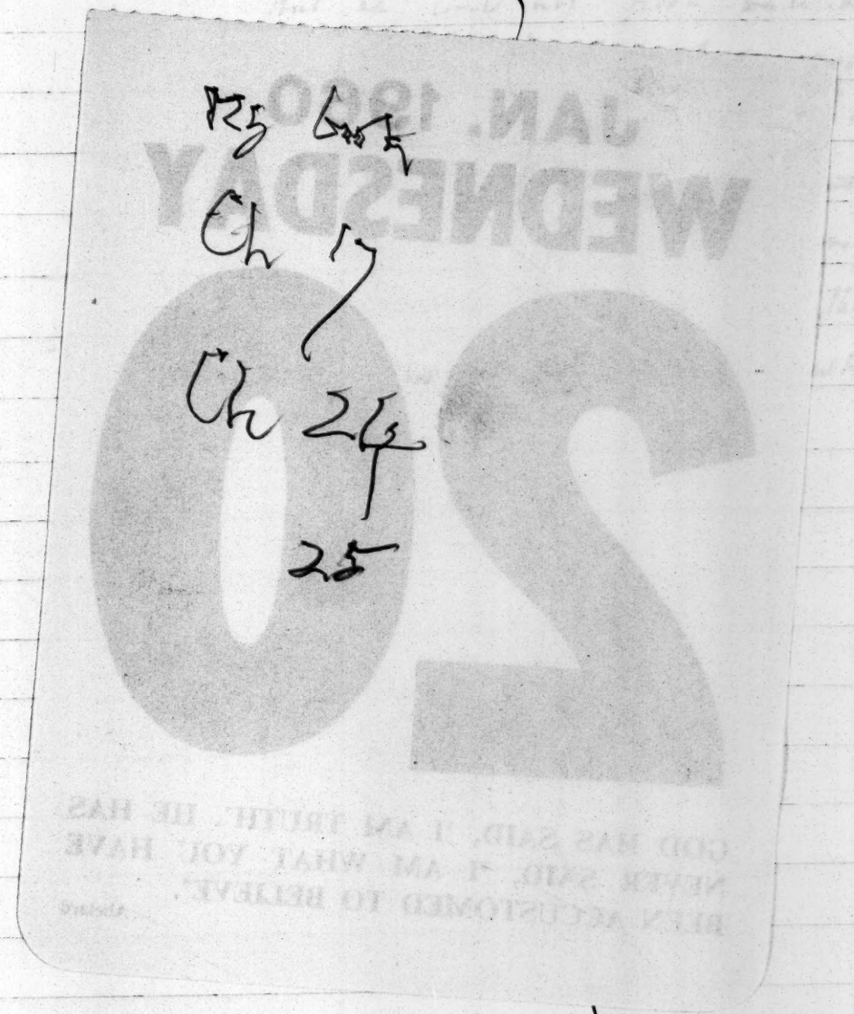
They thought of

The bird ~~had but lately~~ come, they decided that it had but lately come on one of the ships that brought raw yellow planks from Norway, and it had been feeding on cabbage heads and scraps of apple paring, lean, raucous and strenuous of muscle as it was. It swung over the river which was to it as a long stream of fresh air, cutting through barren walls of Earth.

Hamill & Barker 11/17/58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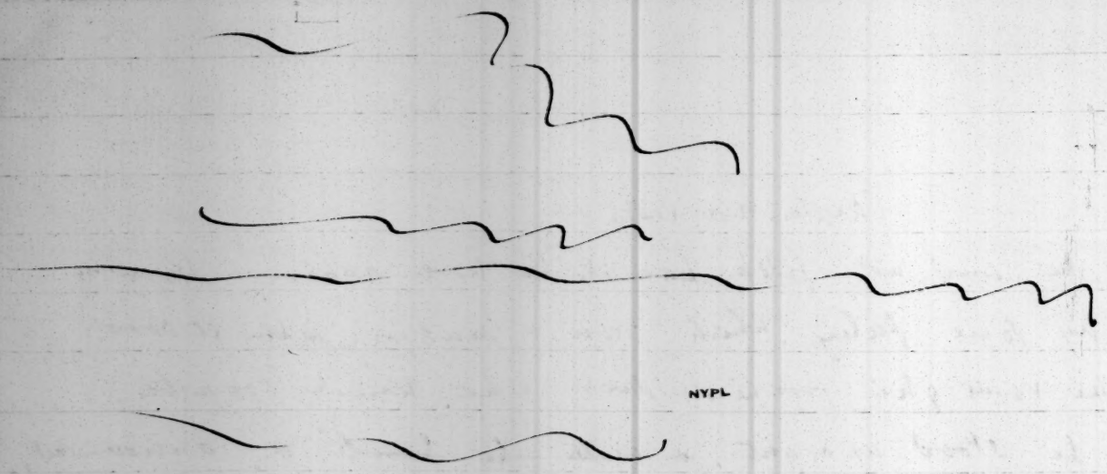
Chapter 20 Cont.

But he could not fiddle here with her boots again. He was goaded by some feeling which rose & sank, & when it rose made the veins of his forehead swell, & his hands tremble. Suddenly he stood upright, ~~& with his hands~~ & announced, looking straight ahead, "I course, I love her."

~~He did not look up his~~ Thereupon he put on his hat, & walked off, whithersoever the road led him.



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Chapter Twenty Seven.

~~It was rather~~ too early. They reached the hotel rather early, & most people were still lying down or sitting in their bedrooms. The hall ~~was not in the least changed from the~~ looked precisely as it had looked when Rachel sat there - ~~To assure herself~~ She took up the very same American magazine, & ~~made Teren~~ looked at the same absurd picture of New York by night. By degrees a certain number of people began to pass through, many of them carrying lawn tennis racquets - & wearing white shoes. But Miss Allan was the first person they knew, & she was about to pass with a kindly nod, when she seemed to recollect something & came up - offered her congratulations. When she had said that it was very nice, & there ~~seemed to~~ getting engaged seemed to be quite the fashion, she had obviously nothing more to say, so that Terence enquired ~~after her book.~~ whether she had finished her book. "~~Its Done" she observed.~~ "I may say I have" she observed. Omitting Swinburne. I must confess that if I had known beforehand how many classics there are in English literature, & how verbose the best of them contrive to be, I should never have undertaken the work. Beowulf to Browning. I rather like the two Bs myself. It lends a frivolous touch, which is completely lacking in the inside of the work - Are you joining the tennis tournament? It begins in half an hour. I am having tea with Mrs. Paley. So I must go on. "~~I hope we shall meet again~~ -" ~~She went~~, "But we shall

meat again. Have you acquired a taste for ginger, miss Vinrace?"
~~She left them~~ With this innocent joke, which seemed to please
her she left them. ~~Then~~ No?"—
"Let me see" she looked at Rachel as though she were occupied in
placing her. "You're the remarkable young woman ~~person~~ who doesn't like Ginger—
~~& Rachel was~~ "In which I quite agree with ~~you~~ her" said the
soft high voice of Mr. Thornbury. She had come up from behind.
She looked from Terence to Rachel, ~~with very sympathetic eyes~~.
"It's associated in my mind with a dreadful old Aunt, who
gave it us for medicine." But why should we stand? Let us
sit find a seat in the garden—" They began to move across the
hall. But were pursued by a Evelyn, who dashed into them,
~~"O~~ as if in running down stairs she had got beyond control.
Well," the exclaimed' linking her arm within Rachels—
"I call this splendid! I guessed it was going to happen from the
very beginning! I saw you two were made for each other—
~~Sit down~~ how you've just got to & tell me all about it. When's it to be, where are you going
to live, what's he going to do—"'
"We're going to be married & then" Rachel began—
but the attention of the group was diverted to Mrs. Elliot,
who was fluttering past them, carrying an ~~hot water bottle~~
plate & a tumbler. "Hughling's better" she stated,
in answer to Mrs. Thornbury's inquiry. "But he's not an
easy patient. He wants to know what his temperature is,
& if I tell him, he gets anxious, & if I dont tell him, he suspects'
And of course there are none of the proper appliances, & though he

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seems very willing & anxious to help — one can't feel that Dr. Rodriguez is a proper doctor —" She lowered her voice. "If you could come & see him, Mrs. Hurst, she added. I know it would cheer him up. & now I must fly — find Angelo — the food — the rice — & one has wants things particularly nice for an invalid" — She proceeded in search of the head waiter; the worry of nursing her husband had given her a perpetual frown, & her cheeks were pale, & she looked ill-used & unhappy.

"Poor thing!" Mrs. Thornbury exclaimed.

For some days, Hughling Elliot had been ill, & the only doctor in the place was the proprietor's brother, & so the proprietor had said, a ~~doctor~~ whose right to name a doctor was apparently not very above ~~authentic~~ suspicion.

"One does pity people who are ill in a hotel" Mrs. Thornbury remarked, once more leading the way to the garden — "I spent 6 weeks in my honeymoon in having typhoid at Venice" She continued — But tho even so, I think it was I look back upon it as some of the happiest weeks in my life — Ah yes, she said, taking Rachel by the arm, you think yourselves happy now, but it's nothing to the happiness that comes afterwards — And I quite feel at in my heart to envy you young people! You have a much better time than we had. When I look back upon it it seems almost absurd — the things my dear parents made me do. I couldn't when I was engaged was never allowed to go for walk alone with William — some one was always in the room with us — I really believe I had to show them all my letters. They were very strict, but very dear people.

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And how they spoil their grandchildren!

They sat down at the table under the tree, Evelyn & Miss Allan, & Susan coming up a few minutes later, with Arthur, & Mr. Flushing. They were all dressed for tennis — The ~~tournament~~ final game of the tennis tournament was to be decided that evening.

"And the things you young people are going to see!" Mrs. Thornberry continued; apparently including them all in her forecast, although the party now ~~included~~ comprised William Pepper, who might be supposed to have seen his share of the panorama. "When I think how the world has changed in my lifetime, I can set no limit to what may happen in the next fifty years —" I'm

~~William Pepper~~ Ah no, Mr. Pepper, I dont agree with you in the least" she laughed — interrupting his argument that if the ~~lived another hay century~~ liked to see things going steadily to the bad, she might envy them — for his part — I'm afraid

"I know I ought to feel that but I dont. They're going to be much better people than we were. Surely everything proves that. All round me I see women, young women, ~~with~~ women with children, with household cares of every sort, going out & doing things that we should not have thought it possible to do —

"~~Thank~~ That's just it" Mr. Pepper interposed savagely. But his ~~argum~~ diatribe against suffragettes, & broken windows, & blackened letters, & ruined golf courses, was met by Mrs. Thornberry's "And they remain women. They give a great deal to their children."

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"I do congratulate you" Susan said, leaning over to Rachel, ostensibly to take another piece of cake, & smiling with great benignity. Here was another proof of her profound principle — every one must get married at once — & although she scarcely knew ~~Terence~~ the gentleman or the lady she was convinced that it was the best thing possible for them both. In spite of St Johns gossip, Arthur & Cathar seemed to be perfectly content. They looked sunburnt & vigorous, they looked sat with their racquets across their knees, not saying much, but smiling quite slightly all the time. The short white skirt, & the white shirt, with a ~~blue~~ tie which Susan wore showed suited her the lines of her ~~her~~ body & legs to advantage. It was impossible not to think of her children, & to imagine them sturdy little boys & girls, with white heads, eyes wide apart, & red chubby cheeks. ~~There was something Susan~~ If not beautiful, she was a pleasant sight; & as they were both first rate lawn tennis players, their clear ~~tired~~ eyes were now bright with pleasure & pleasure at the prospect of the exercise, & of their triumph. They began to chaff Mr Flushing across the table, but Perrott was her partner, & she was accused of hitting him over the head.

"If he's so silly as to get in my way" she began; then grinned, & said no more.

"I want you to give me your address" said Evelyn, to Rachel. "I'm going to send out notices directly I get back. & you & Terence are going to help me — aren't you?" The bother is I might be

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able to start work seriously till October. I've just had a letter from a friend of mine who's in ~~[illegible]~~ brothers in business at ~~in a governess~~ in Moscow. They want me to stay with them, & as they're ~~both in the~~ know all the anarchists, I've a great mind to stop on my way back. Dont you think it would be thrilling — The more one reads the newspapers the more one longs to do something to help the Russians. I'd give all I have in the world to organise a revolution against the ~~Czar~~ Government. My friend ~~tells me~~ knows a girl of fifteen who's just been sent to Siberia for life — for merely ~~knowing~~ having been seen walking with an anarchist. ~~One~~ It'd be a pity not to go & see these things while they're really going on — But I shall be in London by October for certain, & then we'll meet, & do things together, wont we?"

She looked from ~~at~~ Rachel to Terence, & they were both a little touched by her. A good deal of vitality seemed to dwell in her little impetuous body, & erratic as her course would certainly be, they could not help ~~pitying~~ feeling some when they considered her a little how she was talked about, & what ~~for the~~ bruises & slights ~~insults which~~ would certainly be hers. ~~But she~~ Although there were traces of strain on her face, & her lines were a little too hard, there was no reason to think that she ever pitied herself, or felt seriously dissatisfied. In spite of the absurd ~~[illegible]~~ smallness of her reach, she too was playing in the tournament. Mrs. Flushing had lit a cigarette, & as Terence & Arthur & Evelyn smoked too, veils of smoke hung between the different people, & the air was full of the comfortable smell of good tobacco. When they sat silent they could just hear far off the pulse of the waves upon the ~~shore~~ beach.

"And you expect your father soon?" Mrs. Thornbury enquired.

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"Years & years ago, I believe I met him – with I remember to walk to the lady who was with him. I think she must have been your mother. But it was at a party – one of those dreadful great crushes which were commoner then than they are now, I think. We just shook hands, when we could hardly hear each other speak – I always think a party in London is such a waste of time – You who know everything, Mr. Pepper – tell us, how did those wonderful French ladies manage their salons?"

"The difference, I imagine, said Mr. Pepper, was that they had something to say. When I am so unfortunate as to attend a party I walk into the middle of the room & say Ha Ha as loudly as I can & go away again."

"We're going to give a party" said Terence, "a real big party, with lots of waiters in white waistcoats. You'll have to come to that Pepper, & if we catch you sneering ha ha – we shall hang you to a very attractive full length portrait of a gentleman in a crimson coat which, just as you're admiring it politely, will fall with a terrific crash, & envelope you in showers of cold water. That's the way to promote epigrams. I wonder the French ladies never thought of it. Their parties by all accounts must have been intolerably dull. Just think of it – many old harpies, sitting in a circle waiting for something clever to come into one's head –"

"Do you know Mrs. Raymond Parry?" Mr. Flushing demanded.

Terence was wise enough to say no. "Well, she gives parties" Mr. Flushing remarked. "But it's the best people that amuse me there!" she cried "no need of epigrams. So far as I've observed no one ever does talk, except the ladies hostess."

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"They dress — She was at a loss to describe them — Well, have you known in towels & handkerchiefs — you ever been to Madame Tussaud's?"

"I must say I admire people who have the courage to dress up" said Arthur — "only I haven't got it mysely. After all, nothing can be much uglier, or more uncomfortable than a mans dress clothes — Come along Sue — times up!" He jumped up, flicked himself clean of crumbs — & taking Sue by the arm ~~st~~ they strode away to the tennis court —

"And we must be off Rachel" said Terence; "We're always being late — ~~&~~ Its five already, & that only allows us three hours in which to get home"

"~~A~~ most insufficient allowance, I suppose" said Miss Allan. — wh. to walk & make a hey

"But why should you go?" Exclaimed Evelyn. "You cant think how much nicer you both are engaged than single —"

"I've been telling her, Mrs. Thornbury ~~very~~ said to Terence, releasing Rachels hand, that its very much nicer being ~~engaged~~ married, than being engaged. But I dont think she believes me —"

"Its all so nice" said Rachel. She looked back at the deserted tea table; ~~only~~ Mr. Pepper was left, lighting his pipe — ~~They were walking slowly towards the avenue~~ —

Miss Allan was making some sagaciously caustic remark to Evelyn M. Evelyn was lacing her boots tight.

"So ~~very sensible~~ sweet" she concluded, speaking more to herself than to Mrs. Thornbury. ~~So~~

"You must remember that we are all taking a holiday" said Mrs. Thornbury — In another few weeks — but you

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lucky people! It's not a case of going back to work for you —
At the gate she stopped, & took Rachel tenderly in her arms.
Disengaging herself with the clean birdlike motion that was
characteristic of her, she shook hands with Terence —
"God bless you too, Mr. Hewet: I do congratulate you" she said; & left them.
Once outside the gate, Rachel slipped her arm within Terence's.
"O Terence" she exclaimed, "the happiness, the happiness!"
After
She & couple sighed with relief at being left alone.
"Well, Rachel, said Terence, as they walked down the road arm in arm,
"that wasn't so very dreadful was it — "the Eyes & all those women!"
"I don't think I've ever been so happy in my life" said Rachel
sincerely. Once or twice she began sentences which were to
explain why, as she sat at tea, with all these people round her,
She had felt happier — was it happiness? — than ever? —
She corrected the word to 'content'. But that didn't do either.
Then she began that there were times when the earth seemed
very very solid. Here again she stopped.
"If I tried to throw you over a bad cliff now Terence, she resumed,
after a few minutes, I couldn't — because you do, we're just
walking along together, all as natural"
"So ~~unreasonably~~ satisfactory" Terence added. Their minds
by this time worked with such understanding that
~~one would~~ could piece together what they were both
feeling. ~~"You know Rachel,~~ "It's about a hundred
years since we got engaged, & how we did it, hardly knowing
anything about each other as we did, I can't conceive —
And then we had to fight; & now — only today, Rachel —

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it wasn't so yesterday, remember, we're certain of each other. ~~We~~ you couldn't throw me over a cliff, because there aren't any cliffs, you see — We're the same human being:
And its such fun having the run of each other — I do you do amuse me Terence!"

"My dear, I'm nothing compared with you! The extraordinary things one comes across in you — survivals from the ~~past — such~~ middle ages. ~~What~~ If only I'd known you as a child, Rachel! —
"Very well, Terence. All the same, though I dont believe in God, I believe in — They." She stopped & waved her hand vaguely in the air. "How can you go about the world without thinking that theres something behind it, eh — not a God, but something — & theres a meaning — O yes, Terence — think of the tea party —

("Two hundred yards in half an hour" said Terence.)

"~~The object~~ My instinct is you see, ~~is to~~ he continued, is to wrap all that up in a bundle & put it in a cupboard. ~~It~~ It's not safe Rachel — it isn't really. No: Our business is to hold on tight to what we know; always allowing, I admit, that there are numbers & things we dont know. But if you get into the habit of playing with mysticism, you get so sloppy, dont you?
"Being sloppy is better than being tight. Look at St John, now, or ~~I~~ Helen even —"
"Ah, I thought we were coming to ~~them~~ St John —"
"The prostitute, Terence, we've forgotten the prostitute!"
"Still, I dont feel inclined to go back —
"No. We'll leave it to St John —"
"That's where St John is so infinitely superior to us" Terence

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continued. "You'll see. He'll make a row — He'll make things disagreeable for everyone; & get himself thoroughly disliked — while we behave with our usual charm, & do nothing whatever." ~~St John has the making of a great man~~".

They continued to walk. Terence caught Rachel smiling. She tried to explain, but was unable overcome by laughter.

"~~There they~~ I think of them! are" she cried. "all this time sitting & arguing!"

Helen & St John! And Uncle Redley upstairs!"

My dear Terence — the world's two ~~heavenly~~ delightful for words!"

"Whatever Helen may say, Terence continued, there's nothing she engages more than a good tussle with St John. I bet you Sixpence, we shall find them exactly as we left them — or ~~do you think they will have~~ perhaps they'll have founded a new society — Society for the Protection of Prostitutes — President, Mr. Redley Ambrose; Secretary Mr. St John Hirst —

"I dont think Helen will ever protect prostitutes" said Rachel. She really doesn't like women"

"No" said Terence. "She values the superior integrity of men —"

He proceeded to tease Rachel by asserting that he had never met a woman yet who could hold up a finger against St John for intellect & honesty — "& what qualities are more valuable, Rachel, than intellect & honesty?"

But Rachel was thinking of Helen,

"I imagine ~~that~~ that the thing our children will think the most uncivilized thing about us — that there are women who say they like men, & dont like women — My daughter

(the paragon of her sex) said Terence,

"She'll have it well rammed into her from her birth, that "you might write it round the lot of blue cardboard — or would that interfere with the idea of infinity?" —

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the amount of virtue she sees in ~~she likes~~ women is the ~~test of her own merit~~,
amount of virtue she has herself — Wh. is a profound truth. ~~There's nothing that~~

I ~~hate~~ always suspect a woman who dislikes women. Helen would be much better ~~if she could had women friends.~~ wouldn't she?" —

"You can't expect a woman who's as beautiful as she is, & as attractive to the ~~[illegible]~~ sex —

"I ~~[illegible]~~ manage —"

"Yes — but you're comparatively ugly.

"But, Terence, ~~wom~~ men & women —

"Here we are at the corner where St John had truth revealed to him. I'm going to sit down — its really comparatively early — & dont lets talk theories, Rachel. Lets talk about things that really matter.

"You're ~~[illegible]~~ disgustingly lazy"

"I'm not lazy; I'm sensible. Dont you see, Rachel — they sat down under the tree, with their backs to the high yellow wall, directly you begin talking about men & women you're talking about things that dont exist. I exist, & you exist; & Evelyn & St John — but that's all. Yet people will go on arguing & arguing, as though there were ~~laws~~ hard & fast laws, & they get so angry & make themselves so unpleasant, & all the time they're arguing about what doesn't exist, & the really important things are escaping them — but I'm Terence, & Hewet you're Rachel. Vinrace (how I dislike those two as —)

Besides, even if there are laws, lets leave it to the old fogeys to find them. When we're old, Rachel, perhaps we'll

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Draw in over the fire & write a book — you & I together — about Life —
& what it all means, & who's right & who's wrong — & how to live —
But at present, we're young — ~~We~~ & we've got much better
things to do than that. We can (by yourselves) create — that's what we can do —
"Write books & music you mean?"
Yes; & ~~love each other~~, & go about making little patterns &
jokes, & seeing how strange & amusing & queer everything is.
~~People~~ Human beings — ~~Good lad~~ Rachel — human beings —
he paused — And then, ~~And you, Rachel~~. Dear old St John was
quite right you know. Love — ~~"does seem to be at~~ Explain
~~Everything doesn't~~ it." is a very remarkable thing"
Rachel leant on her elbow arranging the blades of grass & the
little pebbles. They sat for a long time, pursuing their
own thoughts; while the clouds turned red & the cries —
bells rose from the town beneath. Do you know what the time is? Well? — he
said at length; seeing that it was too late to roll another
cigarette —
"~~Yes, Terence, love~~" ~~the replied~~.
"~~No~~" ~~the replied~~. "After all, why should we be so shy of saying what are?
Of course Terence; we've ~~proved it~~; love is the only thing."
Of course the mid at last, taking his hand to pull himself up,
St John's right — love is the only thing."

While the contest in the Sacrifice & the happiness we they had tried to have. Came established themselves with great certainty in their souls — Feel.

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Chapter Twenty Seven.

"There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream:
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute."

Terence's voice was very pleasant, but nevertheless her ached head ached. Rachel did not know whether to tell him then, or to tell him go on reading; she decided to let him go on until he came to the next stop, when she would tell him.

"Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the Silver Lake,
Listen & Save!

"Terence -
"You can't beat that"
"yes, but d'ye know - my head aches."
Milton, tell us the flour.
"And I've been boring you!" "Why didn't you tell me —"
He took her hands. "Is it bad? you're not going to be ill?"
"Really one can have a headache, can one."
For two minutes perhaps they sat looking at each other in silence.
His dismay was far During that time his sense of dismay was

almost physically painful. It was as if her words had shivered a ~~pl~~ palace of glass. But at the end of two minutes, noticing that she was not sharing his dismay, he recovered, fetched Helen, & asked her what to do for a headache.

"Go to bed & stay quiet of course" said Helen ~~calmly~~ sensibly. She added "What else can you expect? ~~Up late~~ Sitting up talking, going out in the heat — of course her head aches!" The profound good sense of Mr. Ambrose seemed to be a in accord with the good sense of nature, which avenged rashness by a headache; & ~~Terence was considerably reassured~~. in the face of such agreement, Terence was reassured. He blamed himself, & blamed Rachel. She went to bed, Helen pulled down the blinds, & advised Terence to take a long walk, ~~for~~ then & not come back till the evening.

At about five o'clock the next morning Rachel woke up, remembered how she had gone to bed with a headache; & ~~wondered~~ supposed that it was gone. Helen had said it would be gone. But while she considered the point she became aware of the glaring whiteness of the wall opposite to her; & then of the queer appearance of everything in the room. The movement of the blind as it filled with air & dragged slowly out trailing the cord along the floor seemed to her terrifying like the movement of a strange living creature. She shut her eyes, & the pulse in her head beat so strongly that each thump seemed to tread upon a nerve, giving her a little stab of pain. She turned the certainly had a headache —

from side to side, in the hope that coolness would cure her, & that when she next opened her eyes to look, the room would be as usual. After a long time of these experiments, she resolved to settle the matter. She got out of bed & stood upright, ~~supp~~ holding on to the brass ball at the end of the bedstead. Ice Cold at first, this it soon became as hot as her palm. The pain in her head & her ~~body~~, & the instability of the floor proved that it would be far more intolerable to stand & walk than to lie in bed; She got into bed again, although the change was refreshing at first, ~~from~~ the discomfort of bed was soon as great as the discomfort of standing up. She accepted the idea that she was ill. When Helen came in, suddenly stopped her cheerful words, looked startled for a second, & then unnaturally calm, the fact that she was ill was put beyond a doubt. It was confirmed when the whole household knew of it. Someone was singing as they worked by the kitchen; the song was cut short. Maria, when she brought water, slipped in furtively, averting her eyes from the bed. There was all the morning to get through, & then all the afternoon. At one point the door opened & Helen came in with a little dark man with very hairy hands. She was very drowsy, & as he appeared shy & obsequious she scarcely troubled to answer him. At another point the door opened, & Terence came in very gently, smiling too steadily for it to be natural. He sat down by her bed & stroked her hands until it became evident to her to lie in

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the same position & she turned round, & when she next looked up Helen was there & Terence had gone. All the time she kept trying to remember how the lines went—

Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair"—

Nor was the next day much different from the first day; except that the world outside when she tried to think of it, appeared distinctly further off; & ~~not could she remember~~ glassy cool translucent wave was more desirable than anything else. Helen was here — Helen was there all day long. When the room appeared to be very dim either because it was evening or because the blinds were drawn, Helen said, "Some one is going to sit here. You won't mind?"

Opening her eyes, Rachel saw not only Helen but a nurse in spectacles, whose face she remembered, for she had seen her in the chapel. ~~The nurse — her name~~ "Nurse McInnis" said Helen, & the nurse who smiled steadily as they all did said that she did not find many people who were frightened of her. Sometimes ~~Rachel would see~~ hours & hours would pass, & it was still the morning; sometimes a few moments would pass & it was deep midnight. ~~she woke up;~~ Instead of ending at twelve, this night went on far into the double figures — twenty two, twenty three, twenty four — There was nothing to stop nights from doing that if they chose. Rachel lay awake, reflecting that she had struck one of the interminable nights; at a great distance the elderly woman sat with her head bent down; Rachel raised herself & saw with dismay

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that she was playing cards; a candle ~~light~~ ~~gave~~ lighted her, which stood in the hollow of a newspaper. Rachel was terrified; & cried out, upon which the woman laid down her cards, & came across the room shading the candle with her hands.

Coming nearer & nearer across the great space of the room, she stood at last above Rachel's head, & said,

"Not asleep? Let me make you comfortable".

She put down the candle, & began to arrange the bed clothes. It struck Rachel that a woman who sat playing cards in a cavern all night long would have very cold hands, & she shrank from the touch of them.

"Why, there's a toe all the way down there!" the woman said, proceeding to tuck in the bed clothes. Rachel did not realise that the toe was hers.

"You must try & lie still, because if you lie still you will be less hot, & if you toss about you will make yourself more hot, & we dont want you to be any hotter than you are."

The woman stood looking at Rachel for an enormous length of time.

"And the quieter you lie, the sooner you will be well" she repeated. Rachel kept her eyes fixed upon the peaked shadow on the ceiling, & all her energy was concentrated upon the desire that this shadow should move. But the shadow & the woman seemed fixed. She shut her eyes. When she opened them again, more hours of the interminable night had passed; & the

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She saw the woman again playing cards in the cavern far away by the light which stood within an archway. She cried "Terena!" & the peaked shadow again moved across the ceiling & stayed still over her head.

"It's just as difficult to keep you in bed as it was to keep Mr Forrest in bed, & he was such a tall gentleman" said the woman, again putting down her candle & beginning to ~~tuck~~ arrange the bed clothes.

In order to get rid of this terrible threatening sight, Rachel again shut her eyes; & found herself walking through tunnels with old women sitting in little archways playing cards; while the bricks of which the archway was made dripped with wet.

~~When it became~~ ~~Directly it became~~ When, on the first ~~day~~ morning of her illness, it became clear that ~~the headache~~ was not she would not get up that day, & probably would ~~have to~~ not be absolutely well until the Friday, that day being Tuesday, Terence was filled with unreasonable resentment. She had spoilt the better part of a week for them. Sitting by her side, his mind was ~~divided~~ fully divided between a miserable kind of pity for her, & ~~made an effort~~ his mind was divided between real sorrow for her discomfort, & misery for himself, for, feverish & restless as she was, it was impossible to behave naturally to her. The time was wasted. Sitting in the drawing room downstairs he could neither read or write. After three weeks of happiness, all the usual occupations were intolerably dull & beside the point. ~~Rodrigues however~~ The only thing that gave him any relief was

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talk about illnesses in general with St John. Haley was always upstairs

On the second day, as she was no better, it seemed likely that she had a touch of Hughling Elliots fever, & enquiries at the hotel furnished them with a ~~useful~~ good deal of information. ~~In his case the temperature had been~~ A comparison of the two cases showed that Rachel's was sharper; & therefore probably shorter. Rodriguez ~~was reasoning~~ made very light of them both. Twice every day Terence would ~~be allow~~ go in ~~sit~~ for dee; Rachel; & twice every day the same thing happened. On going in to her room, which was not very dark, where her music was lying about as usual, & her books & letters, his confidence always revived. When he saw her, he felt completely happy. ~~When~~ ~~By the time~~ ~~he had~~ ~~spoken~~ ~~had~~ Then he would tell her what he had been doing. "I ~~have been reading the Times — They're having snow in England~~" & by the time he had talked to her for five minutes he was plunged in the deepest gloom. Helen, indeed, had ~~to use Chailey~~ found him worse than useless.

When he went ~~Going~~ into ~~her~~ see her on Thursday morning, he felt ~~the~~ his usual ~~same~~ confidence. She made an effort to remember certain facts about the world outside.

"You have come up from the hotel?" she asked.

"No: I am staying here, you remember — " he said — I have just had luncheon; ~~& the mails just~~ We've been reading our letters — I shall keep yours for you — " You've quite a bundle" She said nothing for some time.

~~Yes~~. "Yes see there they go rolling off the edge of the hill" she

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said suddenly.

"Rolling ? What do you call rolling ?"

"Old women's heads". As he appeared to be looking at a vase on a shelf opposite, he rose, & took it down.

"how they can't roll any more" he said Chellyfully.

Nevertheless he lay gazing at the same spot; & paid him no further attention. He was so manifestly profoundly unhappy that he could not stay with her. Finding St John reading the Times on the verandah, he described Rachel's state & asked him whether Hughelmy Elliot had been delirious at any time ? if so, on what day of his illness ?

By the Friday of that week, the illness was no longer an attack which would pass off in a day or two; it was a definite illness, requiring some organisation & complete attention of the people concerned, although there was no reason for to be anxious. anxiety. Instead of lasting five days it was going to last ten. Rodriguez was understood to say that there were well known varieties of this illness. Rodriguez appeared to think that those they were treating the case with needless anxiety. His visits were always marked by the same apparent show of confidence, & in his interviews with Terence he always waved aside the Eager & minute enquiries with a kind of flourish which seemed to indicate that they were all making it much too seriously. He seemed curiously unwilling to sit down, looking keenly about the room, "A high temperature", the little man would say, — in this climate you must expect a high temperature. You need not be alarmed

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The interviews were conducted laboriously in French, & this, together with the fact that his he was optimistic, & that Terence respected the medical profession from hearsay, made him less critical than he would have been had he encountered the furtive little man in any other ~~capac~~ circumstances.

Generations of men like himself would have to see their dearest visions fade, would have to surrender themselves to the warm scented soulless flesh, & encounter the stare of the bright hard bird like eyes — not until generations of men had cried aloud in their agony would ~~this creature~~ her eyes widen, her vision deepen, would she come to him crying at last, at last, I understand . . .
Hugh went back to his wife."

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by that. It is the pulse we go by "(he tapped his own hairy wrist) & the pulse continues excellent." Thereupon he bowed & slipped out. The interview was conducted laboriously upon both sides, in broken French, & this together with the fact that he was optimistic, & that Terence respected the medical profession from hearsay, made him less critical than he wd. have been he had encountered the ~~furtive little man~~ doctor in any other circumstances.

~~The day was~~ When Saturday came, the hours of the day were strictly organised. St John came early, & ~~the~~ duties were parcelled out between them. There was the greatest difficulty in getting ice. Their distance from the town, & the ~~dif~~ need of procuring strange things, ~~under foreign~~ with unknown names, from the most unexpected places, ~~they~~ made ~~organisation~~ it necessary to think carefully, in a way which neither Hirst nor Hewet had ever had to think before. A large sheet of paper with the order for the day ~~drawn up~~ made out upon it was pinned to the drawing room door. It was thought ~~advise~~ best, to hire a horse for a week, upon which St John rode to & fro. Terence now scarcely left the house.

He would sit all through the long hot hours alone in the drawing room, near the open door, listening for any movement ad upstairs or call for Helen. He always forgot to pull down the blinds, so that he sat in bright sunlight. The room was terribly stiff & uncomfortable. He tried to read – but the ~~classics~~ good books were too good, & ~~cheap~~ bad books were too bad, & the only thing he could tolerate was the newspaper, which ~~seemed~~ with its news of London & snowstorms in May seemed to give a little background of reality to what was otherwise

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mere nightmare. Then a soft call would come from Helen, or Mrs. Chailey would ~~come~~ bring in a jug which was wanted up stairs, & he would run up very quietly in his socks, & put the jug on the little table which stood crowded with jugs & cups outside the bedroom door. If he could catch Helen for a moment he would ask her "How is she?"

with saucers on the top of them

"Rather restless —. Quieter I think" ~~Her answer never~~ said ~~more than that~~. Whether or not some more profound opinion was ~~here~~, not concealed ~~accumulating~~ behind those quiet lips, & the grave ~~[illegible]~~ fired eyes, her answer ~~the never~~ always limited itself to those few words. She always seemed too hurried ~~restless~~ & pre-occupied to say more.

~~With this small amount of information to feed upon,~~

The strain of listening, & the effort of making arrangements, absorbed all his power. ~~He did not~~ Involved in this long weary nightmare he did not attempt to think what it amounted to. Sunday was rather worse than Saturday. But all the separate feelings, which of pleasure & pain which go to make up the ordinary day were merged in one long drawn sensation of sordid misery. As ~~a child he h~~ He had never been so bored since he was a child shut up alone in the nursery; & ~~his~~ a dull pain was now added to his boredom. The vision of Rachel, ~~feverish~~ confused & heedless had almost obliterated the vision of her as she had been once long long ago, before she fell ill. ~~The same~~ Confusion covered everything; & he seemed to see St John & Ridley & Rodriguez & the people who attended from time to time to inquire through a fog.

Yet they went through the usual forms. They went into the dining room & eat at certain hours; they talked

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about indifferent things.

"I've discovered the way to get Sancho past the white patch" said St John. "You crackle a piece of paper in his ear –"

"He wants corn. You ought to see that he has corn" – said Terence.

"The stuff they give him isn't corn –"

There was then a long silence.

"~~It's two degrees low~~" ~~They have~~ Very hot to day" Ridley remarked.

"Two degrees above what it was yesterday" said Hirst.

"I wonder where these nuts come from" he observed.

"London I suppose"

"A competent man of business could make his fortune here in no time. I suppose the heat does something funny

"~~You don't get~~ with peoples brains. Even the English go a little queer – Anyhow, they're hopeless people to deal with. Joseph kept me waiting three quarters of an hour –"

"Here Ridley enquired,

"Rodriguez seems quite satisfied?"

"Quite" said Hewet decidedly. "It's just running its course".

Whereupon Ridley heared a deep sigh. He was genuinely sorry, for everyone, but at the same time he missed Helen considerably. They moved back into the drawing room –

"Look here Hurst there's nothing to be done for two hours" said Hewet, consulting the sheet pinned to the door.

"You go a lie down. I'll wait here. Chailey sits with Rachel while Helen has her luncheon".

It was asking a good deal of Hurst, because to talk to Helen was

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a relief. She might possibly have ~~def~~ something definite to say. However first left the room. Helen was very late. ~~Coming down into the light~~ She looked ~~at first~~ like a person who has been sitting for a long time in the dark. She was pale, thinner, & ~~her~~ the ~~eyes~~ expression of her eyes was harassed but determined. She eat her luncheon quickly but without thinking what she was doing. Terence forebore to question her. At last she said, ~~"We cant~~ with considerable irritation, "We really cant go on like this. Terence. Either you're got to find another doctor, or you must tell Rodriguez ~~to~~ not to come again. Its silly to go on saying that Rachel's better: She's worse."

Terence suffered a ferrofic shock: like that which he had suffered when Rachel said "my head aches." Again there seemed to be a shattering of glass. He stilled it by reflecting that Helen was clearly overwrought

"Do you think she's in danger?" he asked.

"Yes, I do" said Helen. She looked at him as if she felt some indignation with somebody.

"I'll talk to Rodriguez" said Terence. Helen went up stairs at once.

Nothing now could assuage Terences anxiety. He could not read, nor could he sit still. Directly Rodriguez came down that afternoon he demanded, "Well, how is she? Do you think her worse?"

"There is no reason for anxiety I tell you — none" Rodriguez replied in his execrable French, making little movements all the time as if to slip away. He wet stood in front of the

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door as if to prevent him. His confidence in her may was shaken she began to observe his insignificance, his dirty appearance, & his unintelligent face with loathing & dislike.

"You want object a course, if we ask you to consult another doctor?" he continued.

At this the little man became openly incensed.

"Ah!" he cried." You have not confidence in me?. You do object to my treatment? You wish me to give up the case?"

"Not at all" Serena replied. "But in diseases of this kind —

Rodriguez shrugged his shoulders.

"It is not serious I assure you — You are over anxious — The young lady is not seriously ill, as I say a doctor. The lady relations is frightened — Ah. I understand that perfectly —"

"Well then — the name & address of the doctor is —" Serena continued —

"There is no other doctor" Rodriguez replied politely." Signora has confidence in me — Look! I will show you."

He took out a packet of soiled old letters & began turning them over as if in search of one which would confute Serena's suspicions. "There is no other doctor in the place" he concluded; still turning over the letters.

"Never mind" said Serena shortly. "I will make enquiries for myself." Rodriguez put the letters back in his pocket. "Very well" he remarked. "There no objection" he lifted his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, as if to repeat that they took the illness much too seriously, —

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Slipped out, managing to convey an impression of malice & ~~ill temper~~ ~~an~~ ~~combined with~~ incompetence combined.

After this Terence could no longer stay downstairs. He went up, knocked at Rachels door, & asked Helen to let him sit with her for a little. She let him come in without saying anything. He sat down by Rachels side, & spoke to her. She paid no attention. Her face was changed. She looked as though she were entirely concentrated upon keeping alive. Her lips were drawn; & her cheeks sunken & flushed though without colour. Her eyes were not entirely shut, the lower ~~part~~ half of the white part showing, but they seemed to remain open because she was too much exhausted to close them. She opened them completely when he kissed her. But she only saw an old woman slicing a man's head off with a knife. "There it falls" she murmured. Terence was horrified to think of the little derby man downstairs in connection with illness like this. He turned to Helen, but she was doing something at a table & did not ~~pay him any attention~~ seem to realise how great the shock was. She asked him in the same weary, unnatural, but determined voice to fetch her more ice, & another ~~jug of~~ jug of milk. Having done ~~her~~ ~~this~~ these errands he went to ~~Hirs~~ find Hirst. Exhausted & very hot, St John had fallen asleep, but Terence woke him without scruple.

"Helen thinks she's worse," he said. "There's no doubt she's frightfully ill. Rodriguez is useless. We must get another doctor"

"But there is no other doctor" said Hirst, sitting up & rubbing

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his eyes.

"Don't be a damned fool Hurst" said Terence. "If there isn't one, you've got to find one that's all. We ought to have done it days ago".

In ten minutes, Hewet had saddled ~~San~~ Sancho, & St John was riding ~~down~~ to the ~~d~~ town in the scorching heat, to find some one who could give him the name of a doctor, ~~it not~~ If he lived at fifty miles off, he went to go after him by train. &

When he went back into the drawing room, he found Mrs Flushing standing there alone. very erect.

"She's better?" she enquired; they did not attempt to shake hands.

"No" said Terence. "If anything, I think she's worse".

Mrs Flushing seemed to consider for a minute or two.

"Let me tell you, she said, speaking in nervous jerks.

"It's always about the seventh day one begins to get worried.

I daresay you've been sittin' here, thinkin' by yourself.

You think she's bad, but anyone comin' with a fresh eye would think her better. What's it matter. a few days fever? My brother ~~was ill~~ had fever for twenty ~~days once~~ - six days once. And in a week or two he was up & about.

You'll see. Rachel will be — "

Here Mrs Chailey came in & with a message.

"I'm wanted upstairs" ~~Sa~~ Terence said -

"You see, she'll be better" Mrs Flushing jerked.

Mrs Elliott's ~~better~~ been ill. It wasn't the journey.

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Terence went upstairs. He looked at Rachel, but said nothing. The she was conscious of his presence, but it disturbed her, & she was relieved when he was gone.

For six days indeed she had been intent upon following the hot red quick sights which passed incessantly before her eyes. She knew that it was of enormous importance that she should attend to these sights, but she was always being just too late to hear or see something which would explain it all. Helen face, the nurse face, or ~~Sig~~ Terences face, ~~into~~ took away her attention, so that she was bothered by seeing them. On the fourth afternoon, she was unable to keep Helens face distinct from the other faces. She saw her lips widen, & she began to gabble like the rest taking her place in the crowd of red moving faces, which were all concerned in some plot, some adventures, some escape. The nature of what they were doing changed incessantly. Now they were among trees & savages, now on the sea. now they were on high towers. Now they jumped; Just as the crisis was about to happen, something invariably ~~went~~ slipped. So that the whole thing began again. The heat was suffocating. At last she fell into a deep pool of sticky water, which closed over her head. She saw nothing & heard nothing but a faint booming sound, which was the sound of the sea over her head. While all her tormentors thought that she was dead, she was not dead by curled up at the bottom of the sea. There she lay, seeing sometimes darkness, & sometimes light; while every now & then someone turned her over at the bottom of the sea.

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~~When Hirst made enquiries he found that Rodriguez had not~~

5. After St John had spent some hours in cross examining unwilling & very garrulous ~~pr~~ natives, he extracted the information that there was a doctor, who was at present away on holiday in the hills. As it was impossible to trust that a telegram would be sent or received, St John started to find the man himself; & succeeded in forcing the unwilling gentleman to leave his young wife, & return forthwith to ; they reached the villa by midday on Tuesday.

His curt speech & sulky masterful face impressed Terence with confidence, although it was also obvious that he was very much annoyed at the whole affair. He was however, clear & peremptory. He gave his directions emphatically, but it never occurred to him to give an opinion either because of the presence of Rodriguez, who was now obsequious as well as malicious, or because he took it for granted that they knew already

"Of course" he said with a little shrug of his shoulders when the Terence pressed him "Do you think her very ill?" He consented however, to stay for a few days in the town, remarking that now that his holiday was interrupted, he might as well see to other patients; ~~who wanted him~~.

For the first time that night they quarrelled at dinner. Terence said that the

They were conscious of a certain ~~amount~~ sense of support when the Dr. had gone, leaving explicit directions, & promising a visit in two hours; but unfortunately they quarrelled at dinner.

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St John said that the ~~road into~~ Portsmouth ~~road is~~ ~~pave~~ macademised where it passes Hindhead; Terence asserted for a fact that it is not. They said some very sharp things, & the dinner was eaten in silence, save for an occasional half audible reflection from Ridley. When the night came on, Terence felt unable to stand it. St John went to bed, in a state of complete exhaustion. Ridley retired to his room.

~~He went & sat on the stairs, so~~ Terence walked up & down the room. He stood at the window. The lights were coming out. The clicking & grating sounds of a southern night were beginning. He went in hastily lest someone should have called him. Unable to sit in the empty drawing room, he sat on the stairs half way up to Rachels room. There was no sound. Then he heard Charley move downstairs. At last there was a rustling over head, & nurse McInnis came down, fastening the ~~[illegible]~~ in her cuffs, in preparation for her night watch. Terence stopped her gently. He told her what Mr. had said.

"Now nurse, he began, please tell me honestly, do you consider that the case is a very serious one — is she likely to recover?"

"The doctor has said" she began.

"Yes. But I want your opinion. You have experience of cases like these"

"I could not tell you more than Mr. Hewet" she replied cautiously, as though her words might be used against her.

"The case is serious, ~~but~~ you may feel quite certain — we

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are doing all we can for Miss Vinrace".

Perhaps she was conscious that she did not satisfy Terence, for she hesitated, shifting her feet slightly on the stair & looking at the window.

"If ah me" she began in a curiously stealthy tone.

"I never like May for my patients"

"May?" Terence repeated.

"~~So many people seem to~~ It may be a fancy but I ~~dont like~~ to see any one fall ill in May" she continued. "Things seem to go wrong in May, dont they? ~~They say we are hard by the moon Sir, dont they?~~ So many patients go"

Perhaps its the moon. They say we the moon affects us, the brain, dont they Sir?". Terence made room for her to pass. He could only groan at the fate which had put them in the hands of an illiterate Chemist, & a superstitious, uneducated servant. Helen ~~said~~ appeared only to say that she was going to stay with Rachel, & Terence now could not bear to think of her left alone with such a nurse. Though he went to his room, he was unable to sleep. For a long time he leant out of the window, gazing at the dark world against the blue sky; he hated it profoundly. ~~He was~~ With a mixture of fear & loathing he looked at the slim black cypresses, & heard the unfamiliar dry creaking & grating noises, which show that the earth is still hot. [At last he slept in his clothes.] ~~The whole place~~ Everything seemed to be in conspiracy against them — the heat, the ~~[illegible]~~ natives, the nurse, the doctor. They were all foreign & ~~[illegible]~~ malicious. All part of the terrible meat which parted him from Rachel.

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Owing perhaps to the change of treatment, Rachel appeared to be better, the next day. Terribly pale & worn though Helen was looked there was a ~~little~~ certain lifting in the cloud which had gathered in her eyes during the last few days.

"She talked to me" she said "She asked what the day was, like herself." The strain of listening to her senseless talk had indeed been almost unbearable. She was now conscious of what went on round her. She had come to the surface of the dark sticky pool; & a wave seemed to bear her up & down with it; she had ceased to have any will of her own; she lay on the top of the wave conscious of some pain, but chiefly of weakness. It was ~~Her body seemed to~~ The wave was replaced by the side of a mountain. Her body was a drift of melting snow; her knees stuck up bare bones - huge peaked mountains. It was true that she saw Helen & saw her room; but everything had become very pale, & semi-transparent. Sometimes she could see through the wall in front of her. Sometimes when Helen went away she seemed to go so far that Rachel's eye could hardly follow her. The room also had an odd power of expanding & though she pushed her voice out as far as possible until sometimes it became a bird & flew away, she thought it doubtful whether it ever reached the person she was talking to. There were immense intervals, or chasms, for the things still had ~~the~~ a way of becoming visible, between one moment & the next; it sometimes took an hour for Helen to raise her arm, pausing long between each jerky movement, & pour out medicine. Helen's form stooping to raise her in bed

suddenly became of ~~an~~ gigantic size, & came down upon her like the ceiling falling. But for long spaces of time she would merely lie ~~on the top of the bed~~ conscious of her body floating on the top of the bed & her mind ~~flitting round the ro~~ down to some remote corner yet, or escaped, & gone flitting round the room. All sights were something of an effort; but the sight of Terence was the greatest effort because he forced her to join mind to body & to remember something.

~~When Dr. Lesage came~~ Terence observed ~~saw~~ Helen's greater hopefulness with something like triumph, as though there had been an argument between them, & she had made the first sign of admitting herself in the wrong. He waited for Dr. Lesage to come down that afternoon with anxiety but the same a certainty at the back of his mind. He wd. in time force them all to admit that they were in the wrong. ~~that he would confirm~~

As usual Dr. Lesage ~~wrote~~ was sulky & short. To Terence's demand "She seems to be better" he replied looking at him in an odd way.

"~~Yes.~~ She has a chance of life".

The door shut; & Terence walked across to the window. He leant his forehead against the pane.

"Rachel" he repeated to himself "She has a chance of life".

But how could they say these things of Rachel? They were engaged. Had they yesterday for example, seriously believed that Rachel could die? They had been engaged for ~~three~~ ten weeks. ~~The~~ it fortnight ago she had been perfectly well; & to realise what they meant by saying that she had a chance of life was beyond him; knowing as he did that they were engaged. He turned, & ~~walked~~ began to walk to the

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Dar. Suddenly ~~the Curtain which had seemed to be stopped; he saw exactly what the room would look like if Rachel were dead.~~ The Curtain seemed to fly apart. Yes Rachel might die; this would all go on without her. He opened his am, but he said nothing. For the first time since she fell ill he felt about the operating with intense keenness. Then the Curtain fell again. It was all going on still. The physical pain about his heart & the fact that his fingers were very cold were the only proofs that he was anxious. Within he seemed to feel nothing about Rachel or about anyone else. He went on fetching things, arranging with Mrs Charley, consulting with Hunt; every now & then he went up & put something quietly on the table outside Rachels door. That night Dr. Pelleteer appeared to be less sulky than usual — He staged voluntarily & addressing Terence & St John equally, and he did not remember which ~~was~~ of them was engaged to the young lady, he said "I consider that her condition is very grave —" Neither of them went to bed or suggested ~~going~~ that the other should go to bed. They sat in the drawing room with the door open. ~~They~~ St John made up a bed upon the sofa, & when it was ready insisted that Terence should lie upon it. They began to quarrel onto who was to have the sofa. St John forced Terence down upon it "Old fellow" he began, & stopped abruptly, fearing sentimentality. There was no call or movement except ~~the~~ opening & shutting of the bedroom door all night. At 6 the servants began to move. At seven they were about; & the day began again.

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One of the advantages of a system of education which taught nothing was that it left the mind free to come upon discoveries with an unblunted edge. ~~There be as there was~~ To read poetry together was certainly no second best thing to talking together; indeed, there were times when their words seemed ~~more~~ intolerably cheap & inexpressive, & ~~the~~ absurd little flags floating on the top of immense depths of meaning; & then the poems, which Terence knew by heart, & Rachel had never read because the ~~thought~~ assumed that classics must be dull, ~~were of the greatest help.~~ helped them out, filled stored them with new ideas, led to them to discussions ~~innumerable~~ - ~~about~~ life, ~~about~~ people, about metre & language & literature & music — ~~There~~ & ~~the~~ where they would live, & so come back to their starting point — what they would do — ~~Terence~~ ~~If~~ Terence would never be musical; but here, in poetry, they found common ground. Rachel owned that she had never believed that people said what they felt in writing; & Terence discovered the germ of a fine natural. There could be no doubt, according to Terence, that Rachel had the germ of a fine feeling for poetry in her.

Although the afternoon was hot, Terence was reading Comus aloud. He had been reading for close on half an hour. The blinds were half drawn; & they were

But the strange thing was that she could not keep her attention fixed upon what he was saying this afternoon. ~~Her head — it~~ She felt queer;

Leads the Ode to a Nightingale; or the poems of Milton.

seemed for Terence to many good lessons in Arg. ~~[illegible]~~ opportunities

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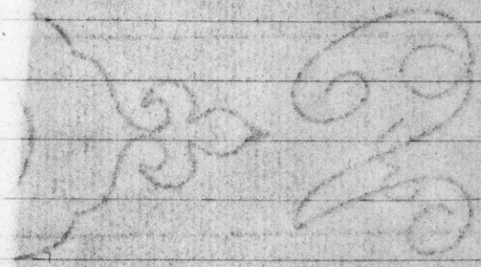
things looked odd; her head certainly ached; She did not know whether to tell him them or to let him go on reading. She would not stop him until she was certain that her head did ache; & by fancying it from side to side she could make herself believe that it was the pain was imaginary.